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The Shape of Things

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ITALY'S SPECTACULAR VICTORIES IN AFRICA have precipitated what may prove to be the gravest of all the recent crises in Europe. Emboldened by the belief that his armies have definitely broken the long stalemate in the north, Mussolini has abruptly spurned all efforts at conciliation and informed the League that he will be satisfied with nothing less than complete mastery over Ethiopia. On the surface the situation appears to be extremely favorable for him. His armies are advancing on Addis Ababa and Harar, while the League is immobilized by the French elections. Civilian morale has been greatly improved by the reported victories. There is, however, at least a suspicion that the Black Shirt triumphs have not been as final as official Italian dispatches would lead us to believe. The road between Dessye and Addis Ababa is long and tortuous; the Italians have apparently not reached Jijiga, much less Harar. An early beginning of the rainy season would render the present Italian positions untenable. Moreover, Mussolini's intransigence and brazen disregard for the rules of "civilized" warfare have brought new pressure from Geneva. Sanctions have already cut Italian trade in half, and further penalties are not yet impossible. Captain Eden's warning that London may relapse into a Gladstonian isolation in the event the League fails dramatizes the gravest danger in the situation. If war comes it will not be as a result of the imposition of sanctions, but because certain of the powers, notably France, have turned their backs on the fundamental principles of collective security.

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THE COUNTRY IS MOBILIZING FOR PEACE. IN rapid succession we have had the Nye report, the launching of the Emergency Peace Campaign, and the observance of Peace Day. The Nye report is an event of the first importance. If we may be allowed a play on the word, there is dynamite in it. It indicts the munitions makers of bribery, obstructing peace efforts and jettisoning disarmament conferences, playing one country off against another, making the War, Navy, and Commerce departments adjuncts of their profit-seeking, manufacturing poison gases and high explosives irresponsibly, and placing their own advantage ahead of the national interest. The recommendations of the majority (Senators Nye, Clark, Pope, and Bone) for nationalization of munitions making and naval construction follow from this indictment with a relentless logic. An industry as ruthless as

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this will find a way of avoiding any degree of government regulation. Only by government ownership can the profit economy be kept from running wild at its most irresponsible and nationally dangerous point—war profits. After joining with the majority in the indictment, the minority (Senators Vandenberg, Barbour, and George) lamely contents itself with "rigid and conclusive munitions control"—without even suggesting how such control can be effective. Too much destruction has been wrought by the munitioneers and too much has been revealed as to their methods to make question-begging of this sort anything but a mockery of the committee's efforts. What remains is for the committee to apply equal realism and courage in dealing with neutrality legislation, conscription, and industrial mobilization.

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THE BLACK LOBBY COMMITTEE'S HEARINGS day by day reveal the kind of democracy that the American Liberty League and allied organizations are seeking to preserve in the United States. The various "grass roots" conventions, for example, were hailed as an expression of the American democratic tradition. Here were a group of men who did not like the Administration, and were expressing their dislike in the usual democratic manner. It now develops, however, that at least one of these spontaneous expressions of the popular will was made possible by generous contributions from such disinterested citizens as John J. Raskob, Pierre and Lammot du Pont, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Ogden Mills. Other organizations "to defend the Constitution," such as the Farmers' Independence Council and the Sentinels of the Republic, have been shown to be tarred by the same brush. Much of the committee's time was spent in a vain effort to find a "dirt farmer" who was in any way connected with the Farmers' Independence Council. Lammot du Pont was revealed to be one of its chief contributors, and Stanley Morse, "consulting agricultural engineer" of the Liberty League, served as its secretary-treasurer. No one would deny the right of these men or any men to organize opposition movements hostile to the Administration. But the rest of us have also the right to know who is behind the movements and where the money comes from.

*

SHIPPING ACTIVITY ON THE SAN FRANCISCO waterfront has almost ceased as this is written. In this latest crisis Harry Bridges and his Maritime Federation are fighting the battle of the East Coast rank and file. The immediate cause of the San Francisco shippers' decision to suspend relations with the stevedores' local, of which Bridges is president, was the refusal of dock workers to handle cargo of the Grace liner Santa Rosa when it arrived from New York. The Santa Rosa's crew was supplied by the old guard of the International Seamen's Union, which is using every means both fair and foul to break the strike now in progress in New York, even going so far as to send inexperienced crews through picket lines to man "hot" ships. The whole American waterfront, West Coast, Gulf, and East Coast, is seething with unrest which deeply concerns the average American, whether he is merely a taxpayer who helps subsidize shipowners or a traveler who does not want to be drowned at sea. On another page of this issue M. R. Bendiner examines in devastating detail the kind of service given by Secretary Roper's Bureau of Inspection. An early issue will contain a first-hand account of the San Francisco deadlock by Louis Adamic, a story of the newly formed maritime federation in the Gulf ports by George N. Coad, and an account by Margaret Marshall of the rank-and-file revolt of the seamen in New York.

*

THE IMPEACHMENT AND CONVICTION OF District Judge Ritter for "high crimes and misdemeanors in office" calls attention once more to our lower federal courts. A successful impeachment is a rare thing in American history, only four having been carried through, and all of them in the case of federal judges. There were six counts against Judge Ritter all involving offenses punishable under statutory law. Yet he was acquitted on all and convicted only on a final indictment finding him guilty of general misbehavior and of having brought his court into "scandal and disrepute." When it is considered that the temptations to minor malpractice which proved Ritter's undoing must beset every other judge on the bench, it is difficult to assume that Ritter was the only black sheep and that his colleagues are all of unimpeachable rectitude. Yet it is these men, many of whom are doubtless no better than Ritter, who are today, through the exercise of judicial review, assuming the power to pass on acts of Congress and by their decisions are affecting the life of the entire nation. Another flaw in our political system emphasized by the Ritter verdict is the inability of Congress to shed its partisan character when acting as a judicial body. In the balloting the Senate divided almost entirely on party lines. Ritter is a Republican, and it is not surprising to discover that only five Republican Senators were willing to find him guilty.

*

JUDGE CRANE'S DECISION UPHOLDING THE constitutionality of the New York unemployment-insurance act not only shows humanity. What is even more important, it makes sense, both common and judicial. The decision is of considerable importance, being the first handed down by a state court of final appeal on the state laws now being passed to supplement the federal social-insurance program. A shocked editorial writer on the New York *Herald Tribune* has called it "a surprising decision." In the light of some of the recent decisions of the same court, especially in the Tipaldo minimum-wage case, we are inclined to agree. But our surprise is pleasant rather than Republican. Judge Crane's decision is noteworthy for three reasons. First, it does not start from an arbitrary conception of "due process of law" and work from that to an austere and catastrophic social conclusion outlawing a necessary piece of social legislation; it starts from social need and asks to be shown that a statute meeting that need is unconstitutional. Second, it states flatly

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that "it would be a strange sort of government, in fact no government at all, that could not give help in such trouble" as our present unemployment mess. It is refreshing to find a judge who is not an anarchist. Third, it sweeps away all sorts of cobwebs about whether an individual employer can be made to contribute to a common insurance pool, by pointing out that the whole problem of unemployment is a *general* problem. We await with considerable suspense an assurance from the United States Supreme Court that it can write as sensible a decision as this.

*

THE ARABS AND THE POLES WERE ADEPTS AT anti-Semitic terror before Hitler perfected the technique, and the current outbreaks in Palestine, as in Poland, have local causes. In neither case are they mere by-products of Hitlerism. In Palestine the causes are buried deep in the nationalist emotions of the Arabs—emotions fed by economic jealousy as well as primitive racial pride. But even here the hand of Hitler can be detected. During the past two years the precarious inter-racial peace in Palestine has been strained to breaking by the greatly increased immigration of Jews; and most of this increase has been made up of refugees from Nazi Germany. Arab leaders have violently opposed the influx and have protested against the further sale of land to Jews. An outbreak of violence was the almost inevitable sequel. It may be significant that in the course of the recent murderous attacks a German is said to have been stopped by a mob which thought him a Jew. He shouted, "I am a German Christian," to which the crowd replied, "Go ahead, for Hitler's sake," and set him free. Whether this little legend is true, we don't know; but it is true in spirit if not in fact. The spirit of Hitler walks with the anti-Semites in Palestine.

*

HITLER'S SPIRIT SIMILARLY PRESIDES OVER the continuing terror in Poland. There, for months, the forms of fascism have been clearly taking shape. Official raids on workers' organizations, wholesale charges of red propaganda, riots and the killing of protesting workers—all these have occurred at the same time that mob attacks on Jews have multiplied under the eye of a government which verbally deprecates violence while it does little to prevent or punish it. Anti-Semitism is an old disease in Poland; but the present epidemic, in form and violence, suggests that the source of the infection is its next-door neighbor. Germany should be forced to post on its door a sign reading, "Unclean."

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INFORMATION BY MAIL FROM CHINA INDIcates the extent to which our newspapers and press associations are cooperating, under duress or otherwise, in the suppression of all news revealing Chiang Kai-shek's subservience to Japan. Most illuminating is the failure of a newspaper like the New York *Times* to carry any report of the recent spectacular military raid on Tsinghua University, an institution at Peiping maintained by the American Boxer Indemnity Fund. At 3 a.m. on February 29 the university was attacked by more than five hundred soldiers, police, and plain-clothes men who broke down the campus gates and scaled the protecting wall. After beating off the university police, the troops surrounded the dormitories and produced a list of between one and two hundred student leaders whom they intended to arrest. Warned by similar raids on other Peiping educational institutions, the student body counter-attacked, destroyed several of the motor trucks brought to carry them to prison, and forced the release of three arrested students. That afternoon the troops returned, five thousand strong, and conducted a thorough search of the premises without finding anything of an incriminating nature—one report asserts that they found a picture of Karl Marx! Attempts to search the students led to another tussle, but as the students were greatly outnumbered they agreed to a compromise by which twenty-two, not including the ringleaders, were arrested. The blundering tactics of the military brought vigorous protests in North China, which led General Sung Cheh-yuan, Japanese-appointed commandant of the Peiping-Tientsin garrison, to place the blame on Nanking. While it may be said that this is the only instance in which he is known to have obeyed Nanking, it is not without significance that the raids followed the issuance of a sweeping Nanking decree—similarly unreported in the *Times*—calling for the complete suppression of the student movement and placing the task in the hands of the army.

*

CHIEF FORESTER FERDINAND A. SILCOX HAS handed down a wage award in the dispute between the Realty Advisory Board and the building-service union in New York City which suggests that arbitrators in general and Walter Gordon Merritt in particular should spend more time in the woods. It virtually coincides with the demands the union fought for in a desperate three weeks' siege which cost the workers thousands of dollars and ended in defeat on other important issues such as reinstatement of strikers and the closed shop. The Silcox award, which deals only with wages, is informed by a simple logic. In making it, says Mr. Silcox, the first consideration was a recognition of the principle of the living wage as fundamental in any sound approach to the problem of reasonable minimum-wage standards. Six of the nine schedules of minimum wages set in the award are, as Mr. Silcox points out, below the lowest budget standard, but like the union he apparently felt that they were as good as could be obtained or enforced at this time. As for the continuous plaint of the owners that their financial situation makes it impossible to pay decent wages, Mr. Silcox states in firm language that the industry's first obligation is to make the financial adjustments necessary to meet its labor costs on a reasonable basis. The next problem is to enforce the Silcox award. The strike, after all, was essentially an attempt to enforce the modest terms of the earlier Curran award. We hope the Silcox decision will at least strengthen the morale of the building-service union. Only by holding its lines firm can it hope to compel Walter Gordon Merritt and his friends to observe even the lowest minimums of fair play.

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France at the Polls

IT WOULD be difficult to overemphasize the importance of the French elections, discussed elsewhere in this issue by our Paris correspondent. Not only the immediate future of France but to a lesser extent the direction of events in the whole of Europe depends on the political complexion of the new Chamber of Deputies. A weak, unstable left majority such as exists at present would condemn France to four more years of political chaos; a strong disciplined majority might make France once more the dominant power of Europe.

At present there are no less than nineteen political groups with representatives in the Chamber. Most of these are loose aggregations which can scarcely be called political parties. There are, however, four which outrank the others in importance. On the extreme right is the Republican Federation headed by Louis Marin, which draws its support chiefly from the big industrial interests. This group had forty-two seats in the old Chamber and obtained 13 per cent of the vote in the 1932 election. The Democratic Alliance, headed by ex-Premier Flandin, occupies a position at the center and may be described as the party of commerce and industry. On the left are to be found the two most powerful parties of France—the Radical Socialists and the Socialists. The Radical Socialists are by tradition a moderate party representing the interests of the lower middle class. Recently, however, as a result of the open challenge of the Croix de Feu and other fascist organizations, they have actively cooperated in the Front Populaire. In 1932 the Radical Socialists polled approximately 20 per cent of the total vote and elected 152 representatives. The Socialist Party polled a somewhat larger vote, but obtained a somewhat smaller representation. The Front Populaire, comprising the Radical Socialists, Socialists, and Communists, together with certain of the minor left parties, actually possessed a slight majority in the old Chamber, but this majority has been rendered useless by the refusal of the Socialists and Communists to participate in a Cabinet dominated by a bourgeois party. If the present elections result in a marked increase in the left majority, a Front Populaire government is confidently predicted.

The election is being fought primarily on the issue of fascism. Economic issues have been deliberately subordinated by the Front Populaire in the interest of unity. Nevertheless, there is agreement regarding the necessity for nationalizing the arms industry, the railways, and the Bank of France. The left as a whole is opposed to further deflation and advocates economic planning as a means of escaping the paralyzing effect of the depression. Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland has brought an element of uncertainty into the political picture. While one might expect that the threat of a German invasion would strengthen the hands of the left as the chief supporters of the League, this has not necessarily followed. The very existence of the League of Nations probably depends on a left victory. Angered by the Franco-Soviet agreement and the imposition of sanctions against Italy, the right is in a mood to abandon Geneva altogether. A substantial victory for the Front Populaire, on the other hand, would not only seal the doom of fascism at home but, through its support of collective action, impose a serious setback to fascism throughout the world.

Roosevelt Speaks of Security!

THE President's speech at Baltimore a few days ago indicates that he intends to make social security one of the dominant issues of the campaign. From the standpoint of popular appeal, we can think of no better issue. The unprecedented growth of the Townsend movement, despite the patent absurdity of the plan which it indorses, is but one of many indications that the desire for security is perhaps the most dynamic force in America today. Not everyone suffered from unemployment or bankruptcy in the depression, but there are few who did not fear them. It is safe to say that no one can be elected President of the United States in 1936 who does not offer at least a hope of abolishing this nightmare of insecurity. The question is whether Mr. Roosevelt can succeed in persuading the voters that the federal Social Security Act is an adequate step in this direction.

It is difficult to imagine what Mr. Roosevelt will say to the twelve million persons who are now without jobs, although not, fortunately, without votes. Almost two years have passed since he declared that "the security of the men, women, and children of the nation" was the primary objective of his Administration. Since that date economic conditions have improved measurably, but there has been an increase rather than a decrease in unemployment and there has been a serious weakening in the whole relief structure. The WPA has been a godsend for some, but many of the neediest families are even worse off than they were on direct relief. As a result of the inducements offered by the federal Social Security Act, twelve states have adopted unemployment-insurance laws, but not a single benefit can be paid until 1939. Pay-roll taxes for old-age insurance start next year, but no payments will be available until 1942. Even if all the remaining thirty-six states adopt unemployment-insurance legislation—and there is no certainty that they will—the exemptions are so numerous that only about half of the employed population will be covered. And it is estimated that at most one-half of the employed workers and one-third of the adult population will be benefited by the federal old-age program. For those aged persons who can establish genuine need there are state pensions—still few in number—or relief!

Practically nothing has been done, moreover, to make provision for one of the primary causes of insecurity—ill health. The President's Committee on Economic Security pointed out that the money loss attributable to sickness for families with less than $2,500 income per year was approximately $2,400,000,000 annually, of which $1,500,000,000 represented the cost of medical care. The bulk of this burden falls on a very small portion of the popula-

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tion at any one time. Fifty persons out of a hundred suffer no illness in an ordinary year, 7 per cent have three or more illnesses, and four families out of a thousand spend more than half their incomes for medical bills. The Committee on Economic Security was emphatic in urging that the United States follow the example of all the other important civilized nations and establish a compulsory system of health insurance for industrial workers. Definite action was postponed, however, pending the submission of recommendations by the professional advisory groups. Possibly Mr. Roosevelt can tell us what has become of these recommendations.

Experts testifying at the hearings on the Frazier-Lundeen bill before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor have stressed these and other deficiencies in the Social Security Act. Criticism has been directed particularly at the underlying principle on which that act rests—the establishment of an actuarial basis for unemployment and old-age insurance. Only a mind steeped in Puritan admonitions regarding the virtue of thrift for thrift's sake could countenance an old-age "security" program which accumulated nearly $3,000,000,000 before any payments were made and piled up $46,000,000,000 in receipts over and above all benefit payments within a period of forty years. The Frazier-Lundeen bill, though it is hardly an immediate alternative to the Administration's Social Security Act, rests on much sounder principles. It assumes that the established economic system can produce the resources required by the unemployed, and would obtain funds for benefit payments from taxes levied on high incomes, corporate surpluses, and accumulated wealth. It also assumes that, quite as much as the employed worker, the average unemployed or aged worker must eat, clothe himself respectably, and maintain and educate his children. Consequently, it provides that unemployment, old-age, health, and maternity benefits shall be equal to the average weekly wage payable in a worker's occupation or profession, with a minimum of $10 per week plus $3 for each dependent and a maximum of $20 a week plus $5 for each dependent. Self-employed workers whose income falls below the minimum specified in the bill are to be entitled to compensation sufficient to raise their income to the minimum. Unlike the Social Security Act, the Frazier-Lundeen bill covers the whole population.

It may be argued that a capitalist United States cannot afford to pay the cost of genuine security such as is envisioned under this bill. But the difference between the niggardly sums to be paid under the Security Act and those projected under the Frazier-Lundeen bill constitutes an accurate measure of the amount by which the Administration act falls short of security. Moreover, there is every reason to believe that the Social Security Act, with its tremendous reserves accumulated by regressive taxation, will have an unstabilizing effect on the national economy. Consumer purchasing power will be impaired, which will further curtail the investment opportunities for the existing surplus of capital. A genuine security program, on the other hand, should increase and stabilize consumer buying power and lay the groundwork for the fullest use of the country's productive capacity.

Handing Down Justice

FIFTY years ago on May 4 sixty-seven policemen and three times that many workers were killed and wounded in Haymarket Square, Chicago, by an exploding bomb. Eighteen months later the state hanged four of the eight radicals hastily indicted for the crime. One of the convicted men committed suicide to escape execution; the others were given life sentences. Seven years later Governor Altgeld, a man of conscience, in a pardon message which cost him his political career, denounced the trial and convictions for what they were, the end-product of a witches' brew of hysteria, red-baiting, and plain lying. His pardon message opened the prison gates for those still living. The names of the others passed into the roster of working-class martyrs, and a familiar pattern in the fabric of democratic justice was once more filled out in all its dramatic and tragic detail.

It is a pattern that has repeated itself again and again. In the great Homestead lockout of 1892 unionization in the steel mills was deliberately and systematically crushed by the Carnegie Steel Corporation. Andrew Carnegie turned over to his manager, H. C. Frick, the job of eliminating the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers. Through false propaganda, control of officials, trickery, and brute force Frick performed his task so well that the union has never revived. In 1893 a Congressional investigating committee duly rebuked the company for using Pinkerton detectives and in general supported the workers' contentions. Invariably investigating committees are set up to satisfy a shocked and regretful public. Usually their reports find for the under-dog—and after a brief airing in the news that arouses and then quiets the public conscience, are filed away in archives that might well be labeled Atonement by Exposure.

In recent weeks we have had another exposure of the methods by which the steel industry continues to defeat union organization. Once again the job has been handed over to an agent bearing the name of H. C. Frick. The original Frick imported an army of Pinkerton detectives more or less openly. His successors in the H. C. Frick Coke Company employ the more subtle means of spies and company unions. Outraged public opinion has accomplished that much. But the issue is the same—working-class right against ruling-class might; and steel remains unorganized. We do not mean by these remarks to belittle the work of men of conscience. But the rank-and-file American must not be deflected into the easy faith that a wrong exposed in Washington is a wrong set right in Aliquippa.

Until the economic force exercised by workers matches and exceeds that which now rests in the hands of their employers, democratic justice, well-meaning and breathless, will continue to arrive on the field after the strike is lost, after the martyrs have been hanged. For the anniversary of Haymarket there could be no more suitable slogan than the parting words of another working-class hero, Joe Hill. "Don't waste any time in mourning," he wired Bill Haywood. "Organize."

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WASHINGTON WEEKLY

BY PAUL W. WARD

The Republican Agony

Washington, April 19

DAN HASTINGS, who represents the State of du Pont in the United States Senate, told a convention of American newspaper editors here Friday night that he and his fellow-leaders of the Republican Party know the 1936 Presidential race is a hopeless one and are preparing to put a candidate in the field merely to keep in practice for 1940. He pretended to be jesting when he said it, but Dan knew he was speaking the gospel truth. Dan knows that any nominee the G. O. P. conceivably may put forward will be a pushover for Roosevelt. He also knows that any suspense in the 1936 campaign will be trumped-up suspense, blown into the campaign (1) by journalists hoping thereby to make their columns more enticing, (2) by Congressional and local candidates prayerfully bent on riding into office on Mr. Roosevelt's slip stream, and (3) by professional politicos seeking both to keep down the third-party vote and to shake down the fat cows from whose pockets party coffers get their fillings. Dan knows these things because thirty-four years of playing squat-tag with the electorate have made him a realist, if nothing else. He knows them, too, because he has been reading the latest registration and primary-election returns.

Mr. Roosevelt also has been reading those returns, and one may safely assume that, as a result of them, he will make a campaign as dull and uneventful as was his speech last Monday night before the Young Democrats at Baltimore, a speech that Herbert Hoover in his 1929 prime could as easily have made. The returns are accepted at the White House as evidence that a safe majority of the voters love the Roosevelt of the moment and that no changes need be made. The voters, of course, are in love with the picture of Mr. Roosevelt that his most violent enemies in the Liberty League have painted, and there is no chance of his Republican opponent in the campaign doing anything to mar that picture. Mr. Roosevelt, as much a realist as Dan Hastings, may be counted on therefore to adhere to the old political axiom that in an election year the wise candidate strives to pacify his foes, knowing that his friends will vote for him anyway.

The returns to date show that he has better than 1,250,000 such friends in Illinois, or 400,000 more than Borah and Knox could poll by combining their friends in that pivotal state; that in traditionally Republican California he has 1,676,267 Democrats ready to vote for him, exclusive of those among the 1,156,696 registered Republicans in that state who are prepared to mark their ballots in his favor; and that in Pittsburgh, the Mellon stronghold, Democratic registrations have increased nearly 700 per cent since 1932, so that his party for the first time in history is the majority party there. Reports from other sections of the country show comparable trends.

The two most amusing developments of the year here have occurred within the past fortnight, and one of them has happened within the past week. The first was the hiring by the Republican National Committee of a "brain trust." Its sequel was the disclosure that the G. O. P. "brain trust" and its employers are already at odds. The party of the first part quarreled with the party of the second part when Chairman Fletcher gave a very private little affair at his home here Thursday night to introduce his professorial troupe to a select group of Republican stalwarts, including Senators Vandenberg and Austin and Representatives Bacon, Snell, Taber, Ditter, Martin, Mapes, and Bolton. The quarrel broke out when Hired Brains No. 1, Professor O. G. Saxon of Yale, turned the meeting over to another member of the G. O. P. Cerebral Nine, Professor Niles W. Carpenter of the University of Buffalo. The latter proceeded to tell the assembled politicos exactly what sort of platform they ought to adopt at Cleveland in June. As one of his indignant listeners later blurted out, "Why, it was worse than the New Deal!" Another expressed his reaction thus: "Wotinell's come over Fletcher? That guy Carpenter's a damn' radical! Talks like a Communist. Got hair like one, too." It may be, of course, that Professor Carpenter's audience was guided in its reaction less by what he said than by what its members had read about him as the author of a volume on guild socialism. At any rate, it seems perfectly established that they proceeded—quite roughly, too—to set him right and kept at it until Chairman Fletcher intervened as mediator and pacified his guests.

Such a contretemps of course never would have happened had Professor Saxon kept the chair, for nothing he is likely to say would be found exceptional by the men Mr. Fletcher is trying to help get elected or reelected. Saxon stands only half a centimeter to the left of Thomas Nixon Carver, another member of the Cerebral Nine, and Carver, a Harvard professor emeritus of economics, represents the extreme right in his profession. Saxon's views on at least a few of the subjects he has been hired to grapple with were made known to the public at an NRA hearing held in January, 1935, at which he spoke at length in opposition to higher wages and shorter hours; what this country needs, says Professor Saxon, is more work and less money. How Carpenter came to be hired as a G. O. P. brain truster is a mystery, but no more so than the hiring of Archer Hobson of Wisconsin, a free trader and until recently an Administration economist in the Department of Agriculture, whose heads regard him respectfully as one of their own kind.

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Costigan and Lesser Men

THE danger in the situation nationally is that too much attention will be concentrated on the Presidential contest and not enough on the House and Senate campaigns. A whole new House must be elected, and thirty-two Senators. Among the Senators whose terms expire this year are Robinson, Harrison, Glass, Couzens, Norris, Gore, McNary, Metcalf, Lewis, Borah, Dickinson, Capper, and Bailey. Another whose term expires this year is the invaluable Costigan of Colorado. The unfortunate and serious failure of his health which has just forced Costigan's withdrawal from the Senate and public life has been insufficiently deplored. One of the few first-rate men in the Senate and a member of the even more select group of true liberals, Costigan was also one of the most courageous and straight-shooting men in American public life. As such he is well-nigh irreplaceable and as such his case helps to illustrate my point, for it now seems altogether likely that Farley will attempt to transfer Costigan's toga to Governor Johnson. It belongs, instead, to Oscar Chapman, a veritable New Dealer who managed Costigan's campaign in 1930 and several months ago was furloughed from his post as Assistant Secretary of the Interior so that he might return to Colorado and repeat the performance. Chapman is an energetic and thoroughly competent young man with sound instincts. Johnson, who already has announced his candidacy, is a reactionary who has fought the New Deal at every turn.

It might seem strange to suggest that Farley would appoint such a consistent foe as Johnson, if it were to be the first time. But the record shows he has been making just such alliances in all parts of the country. A case in point is that of Governor Brann of Maine. Brann, who has crossed the Roosevelt Administration at every turn—and double-crossed it relative to the Passamaquoddy project—literally was begged by Farley to announce his candidacy for the Senate. Representative Moran at last report was so disgusted with this turn of events in his home state that he was preparing to return to private life. Out in Nebraska the Democratic Senatorial nomination has gone to a filling-station owner and former Congressman, Terry Carpenter, who made a ludicrous campaign on the Townsend plan. Meanwhile, the impeccable Norris continues to hold out against the urgings of his friends that he ask the people of Nebraska to give him a fifth term.

The Inexcusable Woodring

OCCUPANCY of even a relatively high post in the Roosevelt Administration is no guaranty that one is a veritable New Dealer. There is, for example, the case of Assistant Secretary of War Woodring. He has just committed the inexcusable offense of addressing an American Legion convention at Sarasota, Florida, in language that could not have been better calculated further to arouse the already inflamed feeling in that area, which also contains Bartow, the scene of the Tampa flogging trials. He delivered himself there Friday night of a fascist assault on virtually all the church, labor, pacifist, and student groups of the nation, dubbing them "atheistic" and "communistic" and referring to 8,900 clergymen as "traitors" for declaring their unqualified opposition to war. Klan leaders must have rejoiced when they heard him bellow that "the pacifist seeks a leveling of races and creeds, sees national boundaries swept away, sees the brotherhood of the white, yellow, and black man an accomplished fact."

Woodring's address was devoted in the main to a defense of the New Deal's huge military appropriations, and to make that defense he had also to defend the munitioneers, who are the chief instigators and beneficiaries of those appropriations. This defense, coming at a time when the Nye committee is about to make public its report, included argument from Woodring's "personal knowledge" that the makers of gas, bullets, guns, and ships are not the chief beneficiaries of "preparedness." He should know, according to a report by the House Military Affairs Committee which has just been made public. This report shows that some Boston merchants paid $30,000 in fees to Ralph O'Neill, former national commander of the Legion, and Robert Jackson, former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, to intercede with Woodring and get him to make an illegal alteration in contracts between the merchants and the War Department for the purchase and sale of surplus army supplies. The merchants, according to documentary evidence in the report, made more than $300,000 profit out of selling the surplus goods under the contract as altered by Woodring to permit them to market the stuff in this country; the original contract had required them to export the goods as a condition precedent to their obtaining them at bargain prices.

Senator Costigan

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Jim Curley and His Gang

BY LOUIS M. LYONS

INVITED to speak at a state principals' convention in Massachusetts, Fulton Oursler announced as his subject, "Let Us Be Free," but the supervisor in charge of the program in the state Department of Education wrote him that the subject would not do because "of its controversial nature." Not long ago Massachusetts would have laughed at such an item of news from some hillbilly community, but times have changed in the commonwealth that Mr. Mencken recently found "the most civilized."

Times have changed since James Michael Curley floated into the governorship of Massachusetts on the strong Roosevelt tide. So ancient an issue as civil liberties has become a more controversial subject than at any time since Massachusetts won her emancipation from the Puritan theocracy of her first century. Civil marriage was brought to New England from old England as one of the sacraments of a free people. Curley had hardly become governor before he flouted the Massachusetts tradition of civil liberties with a threat to all justices of the peace that he would refuse to reappoint any justice who performed a civil marriage. Under him the Boston city machine has occupied the State House. The intolerance of the Irish politician in Boston for any sharing of political power or political liberties can be compared only to that of the early church magistrates of New England. Curley's regime is frankly racial beyond anything known elsewhere in America. In those great departments of government through which the state touches the lives of the people—education, welfare, civil service—the racial revolution has been complete. Such names as Dana, Conant, Payson Smith, which stood for the kind of departmental administration Massachusetts had boasted, have given way to Reardon, McCarthy, Murphy, which suggest the only qualification required of their bearers. "No man is indispensable," says Curley. That portion of Massachusetts which so recently rejoiced in Calvin Coolidge now squirms under Curleyism. The last Brahmin has been expelled from the Bulfinch front of the State House.

Of course this is only returning tit for tat. The new racial domination of Curleyism may be only a reflex of the intolerant, unyielding snobbishness of the older Boston that refused the Irish any place at all when they were the weaker race, still denies them social recognition, and still keeps them out of the commercial leadership of the most class-bound city in America. What has happened is that one set of intolerances has been replaced by another.

The average citizen is worse off under Curley than he ever was under the Massachusetts aristocracy. During the three hundred years of Brahmin rule a certain hard-mouthed idealism had come to leaven the administration of the human-welfare functions of government. Republican state administrations had pioneered in education and in public welfare, had effected such reforms as parole and probation, the extension of the civil service, the first departure from institutional relief, and the financing of public expenditures on the pay-as-you-go basis. True, Republican government meant banker control. But it proved generally pretty decent and broad-gauge until State Street began to run downhill in the present generation with the comfortable decay of Boston's old families, and to carry the leadership of the Republican Party down with it. From the earlier Republican administrations it is a crude transition to the reign of Curley, who controls the commonwealth by means of the smallest and cheapest political heelers that ever shined their trousers in the seats of public office in Massachusetts.

A glance at the outstanding Curley appointments suggests the kind of government the commonwealth is getting under him. At the head of the state civil service Curley has placed Thomas H. Green, member of a family that combines ward politics with real estate, which Curley himself once referred to as "the James brothers." For Public Welfare Commissioner he replaced a proved executive with an insignificant politician whose removal from the city welfare administration had been a necessary preliminary to reorganizing that service for meeting the relief crisis. The new commissioner's first act was to dismiss a corps of case workers and put in their places a group of unemployed, who, he said, were entitled to have their turn at the jobs. As Commissioner of Agriculture Curley appointed the grocery salesman who had had the genius to have him initiated into the Grange in the heat of the campaign for governor and who also engineered his adoption by the Mashpee Indians. For Commissioner of Education Curley replaced the nationally known Payson Smith, who was instantly snapped up by Harvard University, with an inconsequential, small-town superintendent, who had changed his name from Reardon to the fancier Reardan, but whose greater claim to distinction was that he was almost the only school superintendent who had not publicly held his nose at the Curley-supported teachers' oath law. Incidentally the treatment of witnesses against the teachers' oath law was something new under the golden dome of Beacon Hill.

Responsible Catholics shiver at the sort of homage Curley pays his church in politics. The distinguished Catholic head of the Boston schools, and after him the competent Fall River superintendent, refused Curley's proffer of the appointment as Commissioner of Education, knowing Curley and what he would expect of a man. The rise of Curleyism is by no means the equivalent of a Catholic party in Massachusetts. Though he nurses the church vote with worshipful care, Curley is not its spokesman. All

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Irish politicians in Massachusetts, whether radical or conservative, highbrow or guttersnipe, accept the Catholic ethic as decisive in those aspects of government in which the church chooses to concern itself. They censor the Boston stage and book business. They limit the schools to guard the church's jealous role as the child's first tutor. They annually overwhelm the child-labor amendment, with private apologies to their labor friends. But the most effective resistance to Curley has come from his coreligionists. The Catholic cardinal of Boston has gone out of his way to cheer the Catholic Mayor Mansfield in his attacks upon Curley. Mansfield is Curley's most tireless foe.

As his most formidable political ally Curley has in the Governor's Council Daniel J. Coakley, who was disbarred from the practice of law after the notorious Mishawum blackmail cases that ended in the removal of two district attorneys from office. Coakley and Curley were long enemies. But they have joined forces to undo the painful progress that penal reform has made in Massachusetts, and to put pardons once more at the disposal of politics.

Sixty-one years old now, Curley has been in politics since he was twenty-six. He has been alderman, common councilman, legislative representative, Congressman, three times mayor of Boston; now he is governor. And he says that this fall he is going to take the Senate seat occupied by his nominal party colleague, Marcus A. Coolidge. Curley found long ago a suitable companion career to politics in the real-estate and bonding business. He is associated in that with his brother, who runs it for him when James Michael is occupied with the public business.

Curley's opponents have never been able to pin anything on him since, in his neophyte days, he was sent to jail for falsifying another's signature in a civil-service examination for mail carriers. This was an organized piece of business. Curley in the city council and his cousin Tom in the legislature operated the Tammany Club, a ward organization that took care of its own in return for favors at the polls. "In two years the Tammany Club has found employment for 700 men," Curley boasted after his conviction. In this particular instance Curley impersonated one Bartholomew Fahey, while Cousin Tom impersonated one James Hughes. The charge was "conspiracy to defraud the United States." The sentence was sixty days. Judge James Lowell of the older Boston, in passing sentence, denounced the effrontery of the Curleys in running for office after their conviction. But both Curleys were reelected before they entered the city jail.

When he graduated from West End gang politics to big-league stuff, Curley carried two fists with him, and he has known how to swing them. He felled an editor on State Street one day during his mayoralty campaign. A fist fight with a radio critic enlivened a broadcast in a more recent campaign. But even with his hands in his pockets he is always able to hit harder and to move faster than any opposition the sputtering G. O. P. offers him. Ruthless, adroit, self-dramatizing, he misses no tricks and seldom forgoes the chance for front-page publicity. While he still plays the game of politics in the same tough way he learned in the old Tammany Club, he has developed a most disarming personality. He has more blarney than any other Boston Irishman, and he administers it with an exaggerated Boston accent that has been known to hypnotize the highbrows. His marvelously cultivated voice is one of the wonders of Massachusetts. Vocal-culture lessons have smoothed off the rasping edge of his early rowdy days. He sneers at such opponents as Bacon Saltonstall as being of the "royal purple," but the lavish ostentation he displayed at his daughter's wedding last year offered the closest imitation of royalty that Massachusetts has seen in this generation. The trappings and ceremonial of the governor's office have doubled in expense under Curley.

He has never failed in his instinct for the dramatic moment or in his capacity to place his opponent at a disadvantage. During the recent flood he was everywhere, showing himself, calling attention to the need, proclaiming the emergency. When his demands upon the legislature proved double what they were willing to give him, he called upon the flood victims to witness the niggardly treatment accorded them by his opponents. When a reporter suggested that a flying night trip to the disaster center smacked of a gallery play, Curley retorted, "Well, they won't have as much trouble finding me as they had finding Coolidge the night of the police strike."

Riding the tide is a Curley specialty. The loudest for Smith in 1928, he was the first to leave him in 1932 and to join Roosevelt. Senator Walsh, long leader of the state Democrats, had been the chief obstacle in the path of the earlier advance of Curleyism. Walsh had been the first Catholic governor of the state and had given it the most constructive government that the present generation remembers. He was a rural politician, a companion of the old Yankee Democrats who had from the beginning fought State Street control of Massachusetts. Walsh shied off from Roosevelt before the Chicago convention when he found that Curley had jumped on the band-wagon first. Curley thus enjoyed the place of New Deal sponsor in the state by default of the party leadership. He has been Mr. Roosevelt's chief embarrassment in Massachusetts. He spent immense energy all his first year as governor trying to get control of the 150,000 jobs under the federal WPA administrator. In this, as in other ways, the New Deal disappointed him. The Administration ignored his grandiose schemes for remaking the face of New England with federal projects.

When Republicans said in the contest for the governorship, "Curley will steal the gold off the State House dome," the answer generally given by independents who were bent on repudiating Republican Bourbonism was, "He can't. The council won't let him." The drama of the Curley revolution has therefore been the capture of the council. This archaic appendage of Massachusetts government is a survival from colonial times, intended originally as a check upon the royal governors. For 150 years its power was nominal. Then the Republicans, secure in the gerrymandered council and legislative districts, found that the council was useful as a check on the power of Democratic governors. All appointments and pardons must be "with the advice and consent of the council."

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Curley found the council five to four against him. But he maneuvered with Machiavellian skill. He needed one Republican vote to remove the chairman of the Boston Finance Commission, which was already launched on an investigation of Curley's last administration as mayor of Boston. It happened that just at this time there was a vacancy in the nice job of chairman of the Fall River Finance Commission. Curley got his vote, the Republican councilor from Fall River going with him; the helpful councilor got the fat Fall River chairmanship. There was now a vacancy on the council, and to fill it with a Democrat Curley was still short one vote. The Republicans felt safe until they learned with a shock that J. Arthur Baker, councilor from the rock-ribbed G. O. P. stronghold of Berkshire, was going to vote with Curley, and in return would be made a judge. Indignant denials were issued by Mr. Curley and Mr. Baker. When the vote came all depended on Baker. He refrained from voting and took a column in the afternoon papers to explain his abstinence. That left the vote four to three for Curley's man. Almost immediately Curley made Baker a judge of the Superior Court. The Boston Bar Association formally protested, "If our government is to survive, the people must have confidence in the courts." "An unwarranted and gratuitous impertinence," observed Curley, as he proceeded to pack the Boston Finance Commission safely with his own camp followers. He did this just in time to cut off the investigation of his former City Treasurer, who was now able to return from Florida. Mansfield has now taken up the task laid down by the commission and has brought civil suit for recovery of $250,000 from the City Treasurer. Many believe that the greatest threat to a continuance of Curleyism in Massachusetts lies in the evidence this suit will bring to light.

Curley has always played for labor support. Of all his appointees, only Robert Watt, secretary of the state Federation of Labor, is able and independent. Watt has proved the most outspoken critic of Curley's appointment of Reardon and of the teachers' oath law. He is the only qualified member of the new unemployment-insurance board, where he has to serve under the chairmanship of Judge Emil Fuchs, who demonstrated his executive capacity as owner of the Boston Braves by running that once great ball club right off the map of baseball. The other labor appointees of Curley's do not compare with Watt. A politician who had served a sentence for perjury became the employment secretary of the administration. Every department has been filled to bulging with Curley placements. One efficient department head has segregated the Curley appointees from his regular personnel and set one of his deputies to find some kind of work for them that will keep them from bungling the regular work of his office.

As for the "work and wages" program on which Curley campaigned, it degenerated into a few hundred jobs handed out at election time to the Curley candidates in local contests. The candidate for mayor of Chelsea was found to have had 1,500 jobs placed at his disposal to fill in the week before election. Job tickets were handed out at Curley's campaign headquarters for work on state projects in cities that had failed to give him their support for governor.

The state's likeliest chance of relief from Curley is that the national Democratic tide which washed him up on Beacon Hill may run out far enough to leave him stranded. The record of the Curley administration is the great liability that the New Deal carries into the 1936 campaign in Massachusetts.

Is It Safe to Go to Sea?

BY M. R. BENDINER

SAILORS of the Panama-Pacific steamer California went out on strike a few weeks ago in an effort to get their monthly wage raised from $57.50 to $62.50. The walkout, which delayed for three days the sailing of the vessel from San Pedro, California, to New York, was an orderly affair, and as the boat was safely tied up at the dock no lives were endangered.

On the third day of the strike Secretary Perkins induced the men to return to their posts, promising to see that their demands were placed before a conference between the International Seamen's Union and the shippers, and also to use her "good offices" to prevent discrimination against them. The company seemed agreeable, and to all appearances the dispute was ended, with a minor victory chalked up for labor.

When the boat reached New York harbor some two weeks later, the complexion of things had been vastly altered. For several hours the line officials unaccountably delayed signing the men off. They were waiting, it later developed, for agents of the Department of Justice to board the ship and arrest the former strikers for mutiny—the gravest charge that can be brought against men of the sea. Since no G-men showed up, the disgruntled officials were forced to content themselves with logging the men from two to six days' pay and signing them off with discharge cards marked "D. R.," meaning "declined to report," the equivalent of being blacklisted for a seaman.

The Panama-Pacific officials had good reason to believe that government agents would be on hand when the boat docked at New York. For while the California was steaming up the coast, Secretary of Commerce Roper was begging the Department of Justice to prosecute the strike leaders for mutiny, a crime that carries a punishment of ten years' imprisonment. Roper said he had no

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concern at all with the demands of the men or the attitude of the line. Only one consideration had weight with him, and that was "the safety of passengers at sea." So fantastic and ruthless a move as a prosecution for mutiny was too much both for Secretary Perkins and for the Attorney General, and the men of the California were not clapped in irons. But the ferocity of "Uncle Dan" in fighting for sea safety was so remarkable that a review of his previous record in this connection is in order.

The licensing and periodic inspection of vessels of all sorts is the prime function of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, a subdivision of the Department of Commerce. Violations of maritime regulations ranging all the way from running a motor boat at night without lights to operating an ocean-going firetrap without inspection are handled by this arm of the government, and the opportunities for favoritism, graft, and politics are boundless. More than 10,000 appeals from penalties assessed for such violations pass through the Commerce Department in a year, and in a vast majority of cases the penalties are reduced more than 50 per cent, many of them being completely voided. Former Assistant Secretary of Commerce Mitchell once issued an order that except in unusual cases penalties were not to be reduced more than 90 per cent by bureau officials, but the order was overruled as too drastic.

First offenses are excused as a matter of principle. Second, third, and even tenth offenses, when the offender is a shipping corporation, are excused for other reasons. Usually appeals coming from the larger offenders are accompanied by a note from a Senator or Representative, and the remission of fines in such cases forms a major routine task of the department. Mitchell told the writer that during his tenure of office he received on his desk for signature scores of letters, prepared by subordinates, instructing collectors to remit fines, and scores more to Congressmen informing them that such action would be taken in accordance with their request. Mitchell's refusal to play ball with Congressmen in the cases of more flagrant violation unquestionably weighed heavily against him when he sought to convince a Senate investigating committee that he had been fired for fighting the graft and abuses which went on at a furious clip under the encouraging eye of Mr. Roper.

Far more serious than the petty corruption of this maritime traffic court is the Commerce Department's active cooperation with the shipping interests in frustrating every real attempt to introduce more stringent safety regulations in ship construction. The policy of the department under Roper has been characterized by the National Committee on Safety at Sea as one which "stifles information, conceals truth, warns against publicity, and discourages every effort looking toward a bettering of conditions." Roper has done nothing whatever to alter the chief principle of ship construction observed under his predecessors, including Herbert Hoover, to wit: Jam the greatest number of people into the least amount of space at the lowest possible cost.

The natural outcome of this greedy policy has been a series of sea disasters in recent years which were anything but acts of God. When the newly launched Segovia took fire in 1930, the ship had to be sunk to put out the fire. The Morro Castle in September, 1934, burned to a scorched mass with a loss of 122 lives. The Mohawk, a few months later, went down just outside New York harbor with a toll of 45 lives.

The Morro Castle, designed by Theodore F. Ferris for the Agwi Navigation Company, was built along lines which received the complete approval of the Bureau of Navigation—this despite the fact that even a cursory Senate investigation found it clear that "escapes should be provided on the port and on the starboard side of the vessel so that there would be an emergency escape in each section even though all fire-screen and watertight doors were closed." It was also clear to the committee that "had the Morro Castle been built and operated in full compliance with the Convention for Promoting Safety of Life at Sea . . . a very different result might have been expected." Concerning the Mohawk, this same committee found it "alarming to consider the laxity in requirements governing ship construction," and recorded its belief that "the government is at fault in failing to modernize its laws and to take its place with other powers in the promotion of safety of life at sea."

The Segovia fire was traced directly to the wooden insulation in the holds, designed to keep out the warmth of tropical waters. This same hazard is present in almost all the combination fruit and passenger vessels sailing between the United States and Latin American ports. All that would be needed to eliminate the fire menace would be a fire-proof lining laid on over the wood. Last February, in the course of a hearing before the House Merchant Marine Committee, Representative Ramspeck of Georgia asked Joseph B. Weaver, director of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, how many vessels under the American flag were fireproof. Weaver replied that the Manhattan and the Washington were "fire resisting," the "four aces of the Export Line" were "practically fireproof," and the four or five reconstructed freighters of the Scantic Line were "very good in that respect." Concerning the dozens of other vessels in the American merchant marine—silence.

A further point for Mr. Roper in connection with his concern for safety at sea is the fact, established by the Federal Communications Commission, that 1,500 non-passenger ships are without radio equipment. Another is the revelation made by Senator Copeland last June that 160 boats on inland waterways, on the Great Lakes, and in coastwise traffic are firetraps. And perhaps the unkindest cut of all is the charge brought by the National Committee on Safety at Sea that five of the six inspection boats operated by the Commerce Department itself are ancient, unsafe, constructed of wood, and run by gasoline engines.

If seamen who strike when a ship is in port endanger the safety of passengers at sea, what is to be said of manning vessels with crews picked up along the waterfront, men who can be had for a pittance because they are untrained in a seaman's duties? No small share of responsi-

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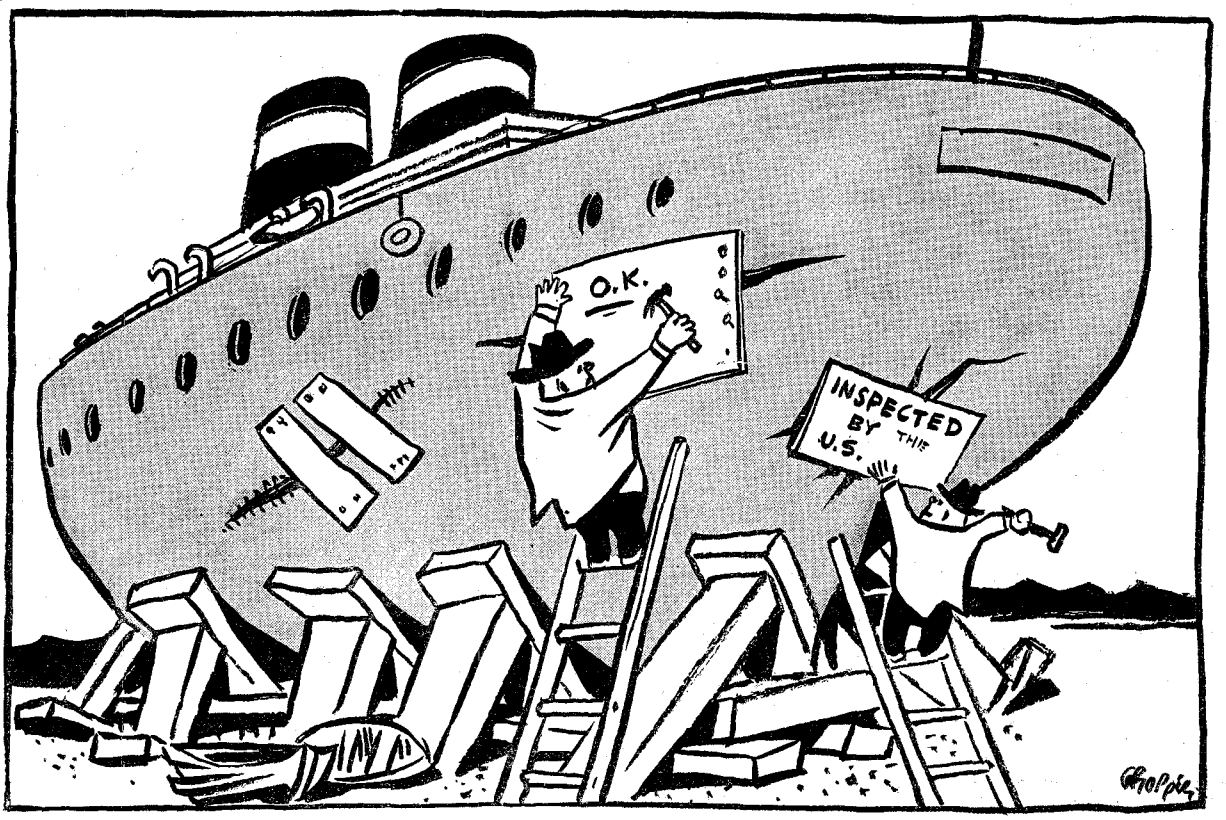
bility for the Morro Castle disaster was traced to this practice. Captain P. J. Williams, formerly master of an ocean vessel, in testifying before the Senate Commerce Committee, revealed a few tricks of the shipping trade in the field of labor. Captain Williams said:

> In some ship lines operating on nearby foreign services, where they touch a number of ports outside of the United States, as soon as they arrive at a foreign port . . . they will hire natives to do sailors' work, and possibly they hire them at one port and they will carry them on what I call inter-port work . . . and then on the way back they will discharge those men. . . . We will say the certificate of the inspection service calls for 100 men in that crew, it is a full crew, and her total passenger accommodations are, say, 250. There are 350 souls altogether. The life-saving equipment is for that number of people, with a slight percentage over for the safety margin. When we come down and put 15 or 20 extra men on board there, the men have no lifeboat assignments, they have no fire stations, they are not required to attend fire or boat drill. . . . In the case of any emergency, where are those extra men going to go? They are going to chase the women out of the lifeboats; you are going to have confusion.

While Roper was using the full weight of his office to prevent inconveniences to the big ship lines and was in general acting as their errand boy in Washington, a few of his subordinates were taking their sworn duties more seriously. There was Ewing Y. Mitchell, for example, who charged that improper inspections contributed to the Morro Castle fire and who spoke of his "bitter conflict with the racketeers who are now boring from within the department." Mr. Mitchell embarrassed Roper with requests that the Steamboat Inspection Service be investigated by the Department of Justice. He succeeded, moreover, in having indictments brought against two steamboat inspectors whose names appeared regularly in the cash account of the master of a Lykes Brothers-Ripley ship with such notations as "To inspectors, $80" and "Gratuity, inspectors, $80." Undiscouraged by the fact that the inspectors were acquitted and transferred by the department to another port, Mitchell filed twenty-three separate charges against Admiral H. I. Cone, vice-president of the Shipping Board's merchant fleet. The Admiral subsequently resigned, but nothing was ever done about the charges. Then there was Thomas M. Woodward, who, like Mitchell, objected strenuously to Roper's order laying up the Leviathan without suspending the fat subsidy to its owners for the ship's operation.

More recently, Frederick L. Adams and Commander A. McCoy Jones were added to the list of protesting Commerce Department officials. Adams, who was chief investigator of the Bureau of Navigation, and Jones, who was the bureau's chief navigation officer, complained that their efforts to bring about increased safety at sea were being nullified by "higher-ups." The two officials were rash enough to release a report by supervising inspectors in which existing safety devices were condemned as inadequate. The Commerce Department, they contended, had deliberately attempted to prevent publication of the report.

Not one of these four guardians of safety at sea remains in the Department of Commerce. In June, 1935, Mitchell's services were terminated by Roosevelt, at Roper's request, in order to obtain "more effective supervision of certain bureaus of the Department of Commerce." When he announced his intention of staying in Washington to carry on his fight against shipping interests, Mitchell declares,



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he laid himself open to a prolonged campaign of persecution at the hands of the Administration. Not until the writer had gone to considerable trouble to prove he was not a government agent would Mr. Mitchell consent to talk. Ever since his dismissal, Mitchell charges, he has been shadowed by government men, and his telephone wires have frequently been tapped.

Mr. Woodward last October was quietly relieved of his post on the Shipping Board and given the harmless job of consumer's counsel to the National Bituminous Coal Commission.

Jones and Adams, who later accused their superiors of "successfully blocking efforts of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection to promote greater safety of life and property at sea," were subjected to shadowing and questioning in their own homes by Department of Justice detectives even while they were still in office. They were suspended on February 13 for talking out of turn and for refusing to answer questions, and despite an understanding that they would be reinstated after a temporary suspension, they were summarily discharged by Roper a few days later without so much as a hearing. Washington veterans could not recall a single previous instance of a federal employee accused of insubordination being denied a chance to defend himself.

Sea safety, it appears, is a subject reserved in the Commerce Department to the Secretary himself. And as long as Roper holds that post, no passenger on the high seas will be endangered, if Uncle Dan can help it, by sailors striking for $15 a week when their ships are in port.

Jesus Lopez

BY ERSKINE CALDWELL

JESUS LOPEZ was irrigating his half-acre onion crop on the ten-acre San Fernando Valley vegetable farm which he had under lease when a warrant for his arrest was served on him. His onions were finger-sized and full-topped. They were at the stage when a lot of care has to be taken with them. They have to be weeded, cultivated, and irrigated constantly in order to develop into profitable produce for the Southern California market.

The paper was thrust at him again. Jesus looked at his onions, at the warrant, and back at the onions. He stooped down and pulled up a plant, shaking the soil from its roots and pressing the stem between thumb and forefinger to feel the firmness of the young onion. The warrant had to be thrust at him a third time before he could believe there was anything in the world more important than a fine stand of spring onions.

In the middle of the ten-acre truck farm stood his house. Behind it was a shed, sheltering his two mules. Inside the house were his mother and father, on the outside were five brothers and five sisters. The twelve members of his family were watching him when he accepted the paper for his arrest and read it three times before raising his eyes.

Jesus Lopez had been ordered to appear at the police court in Burbank and defend himself against a complaint charging him with maintaining a public nuisance. The owner of a subdivision across the street, who happened to be a member of the City of Burbank Planning Commission, had signed the complaint. The real-estate dealer had bought the vacant, weed-grown tract across the street and intended to place the subdivision on the market.

When Jesus appeared for trial, he learned that the owner of the lots objected to the appearance of the Lopez home and to the outside toilet on the premises. Jesus himself objected to the appearance of the dwelling and to the outside toilet, but he had to live there until he could afford a better home. He told the court it was the best he could afford; he offered no other defense. He was convicted of the charge, sentenced, and fined, but both sentence and fine were suspended. Immediately afterward the City of Burbank, which had now become the unwilling prosecutor of one of its citizens, instituted civil proceedings in the Superior Court in a further effort to evict the Lopez family.

The dwelling in which the thirteen members of the Lopez family live is an unpainted but substantial frame house of five rooms, the interior of which is neat and clean. The City of Burbank issued Jesus Lopez a permit to move the building on to the farm more than a year ago. In issuing the permit for the dwelling, the city was certainly aware of the absence of sewerage facilities. Scattered throughout the city are similar residences, inhabited, which have the same type of outdoor toilet. The City of Burbank, like thousands of towns in every state in America, has built and installed with SERA and other public relief funds the same type of sanitary outhouse.

At the time the Lopez permit was issued, there was no objection from any quarter. The ten-acre tract of land was covered with weeds and brush, and the owner then, as now, was eager to have the tract cleared and cultivated. The family transformed an eyesore into an eye-pleasing square of growing vegetables. The fact that two mules and a cow were stabled on the premises was not unusual, since hundreds of these animals are kept on small farms throughout the city and valley. Two City Council members who inspected the place stated that not only could they find no reason for the nuisance charge, but on the contrary they found it in a far more sanitary condition than most of the farms in the vicinity.

Two years ago the Lopez family of thirteen was on relief. Jesus Lopez had a job with the SERA. He saved three dollars, gave up his job, and began raising vegetables for the local market. His crop turned out well, and he signed a two-year lease for the ten-acre tract from which

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he is now threatened with eviction. He bought two mules on credit, and paid for them. He has kept his rent paid up. He bought a two-ton truck on credit, and is paying for it with monthly instalments. He has supported his parents and ten brothers and sisters. The owner of the land on which he lives refused to evict the family, and he was made a codefendant on the public-nuisance charge filed by the real-estate owner and the City of Burbank.

If efforts to evict the family are successful, Jesus will have to move and pay rent on a second dwelling. But perhaps his greatest loss will be his growing crop of vegetables. If forced from the farm, he will run the risk of having his entire crop destroyed and stolen by the prevalent truck-garden thieves, who could wipe out his onions, lettuce, carrots, beets, celery, and peas in one night. Jesus, who has no money to employ lawyers for his defense, is not able to hire guards to protect his ten acres of vegetables while living somewhere else in the valley.

Jesus Lopez, twenty-three years old, of Mexican descent, was raised within a quarter of a mile of his present home. He is well educated, and above the average American in intelligence. He sees clearly that the action against him is directed by one man, the real-estate owner who wishes to raise the prices of his building lots by running all the agricultural workers out of the vicinity. Lopez does not accept the situation without protest. He resents the implication that his family is no better than a pen of cows.

In a larger sense there is kinship between the case of Jesus Lopez and the Los Angeles Police Border Patrol. The kinship exists in the California trend toward a certain kind of treatment of what it is pleased to call undesirable citizens. The undesirable citizen, especially in Southern California, is one who does not report an income in the higher brackets. It is not absolutely necessary for a transient to spend $90 a day at a Palm Springs hotel, or for a Hollywood executive to spend $500 a day at the Santa Anita racetrack, but it helps. What does not help, as almost any local money-grabber will tell you, is the increasing numbers of little fellows in Southern California. He will tell you that a man who makes a bare living, whether working a ten-acre truck farm or running a five-cow dairy, is not profitable. What he means to say is that the real-estate dealer cannot class the worker-who-is-just-getting-by as a prospect, and without prospects the subdivider cannot raise his prices.

The outcome of the action against Jesus Lopez will directly affect the welfare of several thousand working-class families in San Fernando Valley. If the real-estate interests are successful in their efforts to run the Lopez family out of its home, it means that every family of truck farmers from Glendale to San Fernando will be at the mercy of land-boom experts who think they see more dollars for their lots with the workers out of sight.

The entire valley is at present afflicted with a mild real-estate boom, and no one who lives on the earth and tills it for a living will be safe from the subdividers. If the agricultural workers are driven out of San Fernando Valley, the only direction in which they can turn is toward the ragged, half-fed army of California's migratory agricultural workers. These are the homeless men, women, and children who follow the maturing crops from Imperial Valley down the San Joaquin Valley to the Sacramento fruit lands. This army already numbers many thousands, far too many to gather the crops. The recent stranding of two thousand migratory workers in the vicinity of Santa Maria, where they lived for three weeks in tents and huts on the verge of starvation because rains had washed out the pea crop they were called to pick, is ample proof that the evicted San Fernando Valley agricultural worker will find his condition going from bad to worse.

Spain Mobilizes for Revolution

BY ANITA BRENNER

WHEN a people is in the process of shifting its entire social and economic structure; when that process, as in Russia in 1917 and in Spain in 1936, is expressed in a great number and variety of small daily struggles, accumulating and deepening as part of a major transformation and in preparation for the definitive wrench, history needs reporters who can read and write its dynamic language.

But the young men hired to send us cables about riots and fires and Cabinet changes in Spain do not seem to know that an extraordinary spectacle is unrolling itself before their eyes. The world of labor, in which the cumulative rhythm of approaching revolution beats ever louder, is an unknown hinterland to them. They disapprove of it; therefore they ignore it, and get their news about it from deliberately blurred reports picked out of the anti-labor press. And this news, which is more important than any other for a knowledge of what is happening and what is going to happen in Spain, we receive in reports made up of rumor, panic, and outright Hearstiana.

Yet even the scared correspondent of the New York *Times*, whose candidate for Spanish messiah is the clerico-fascist Gil Robles and whose recipe for salvation is the cross and sword in "a strong dictatorship that will put down and control the unruly masses," lets through items whose basic significance no one can misunderstand. Item: mass intervention, immediately after the left-front electoral victory, to free the 30,000 political prisoners jailed in connection with the uprising of October, 1934. Item: mass action, again independent of parliamentary machinery, on the land—seizure of estates by landworkers and peasants. Item: seizure by miners, railway workers, and

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factory workers of a number of enterprises threatening shut-downs. Item: strikes to force the reinstatement of workers fired at the time of the October revolt (promised, like amnesty and agrarian reform, in the electoral program).

Mass interference, mass action, for its own ends and indifferent to the functioning of parliament and authorities, friendly as they are supposed to be, is the most remarkable thing now to be observed in Spain. It is not a direct attack on the government; the government is simply shelved. Nor does this action follow any special program. It breaks out in all sorts of incidents, in response to local events and conditions. What is important about it now is not what it does, sporadically and haphazardly, but the mood of increasing impatience and increasing self-confidence it indicates and nourishes.

The pervading sense of it, its quality like a high wind or a flood, more than any other thing shapes daily political history; fear of it on the one hand, and on the other the emotion of power. Censorship notwithstanding, there is almost nothing else but reflections of it in the Spanish press. It is expressed in street scenes, cafe conversations; it echoes over and over in scrawled excited letters that carry details like this: Barcelona—demonstration fired on by Assault Guards, several workers wounded, one, member of the Nin-Maurin Partido Obrero, killed. The funeral announcement is suppressed. But an enormous contingent turns out, swarms in the main streets, and police up to several thousand are massed quietly parallel. All the workers' organizations send delegations. The coffin is carried in the arms of Socialist, Communist, and Workers' Party youth. The Catalan authorities send representatives, who are put at the tail of the line, feel insulted, leave, nobody notices. As the procession marches, hundred of people fall into line. It is saluted from the sidewalks, doors, windows, with the clenched fist. It turns into the workers' quarter, goes down the Paralelo toward the port, and at the edge of the water the coffin is halted and all afternoon the mourners pass. They say goodby to Pujol, heads bared, singing the "Internationale" in a low, monotonous voice.

The overflow of revolutionary energy began with the January elections that placed the "Men of the Republic" in parliament and in power. This campaign was understood not as a fight for something, but against something; against fascism. And, politically, fascism was crippled, perhaps crushed. But the victory was not won in the pre-election campaign; it was determined by the October revolt of a year before.

There is more to see in these elections than the immediate political fact—a somewhat rapid republican-labor coalition, urged by Azaña and right-wing Socialist leaders and accepted by all labor organizations in order to insure the defeat of the parties allied in what they themselves call the "counter-revolutionary front." Owing to Spain's complicated electoral laws an organized minority coalition can defeat a disunited majority, as happened in 1933. At that time the "anti-Marxist" Lerroux-Gil Robles alliance put the government into the hands of a weak and fabulously corrupt gang of republicans, designed, by Gil Robles's plan, to wear out the republic and do for Gil Robles what von Papen did for Hitler. At that time also, the Azaña-Socialist government had lost all sympathy. It had done a great deal for the land and city workers on paper, but in fact had not hesitated to suppress demands for land and labor reform, even with arms. It had shot workers down, had passed laws jeopardizing and in some cases canceling civil liberties, had organized a special police corps for "labor duty."

In the elections of 1933 the left republicans were split into a number of factions, all of which ran separate tickets. The labor parties ran separate tickets, too; and a large number of workers, Anarcho-Syndicalists, either refrained from voting or voted the Lerroux ticket as a blow against the Socialists. The result was a prelude for fascism. Feudal machinery was moved back in, municipal governments—the majority in left-republican and labor hands—were arbitrarily dismantled, land and labor laws were revoked or simply ignored, labor organizations were dissolved and persecuted, civil liberties were suspended, and martial law became the customary form of rule.

It was the intention of Gil Robles to finish the job overtly by taking power in October, 1934, with President Alcalá Zamora in the Hindenburg role. The republicans did exactly as much to stop him as the German Social Democrats did to stop Hitler. Even in the critical days when his triumph seemed inevitable and imminent, they spent most of their time and energy trying to persuade the workers to take things quietly. In Barcelona Azaña begged the left-republican Catalanist government not to do anything rash, and the government in turn asked the same of the workers. Moreover, when the republicans finally made a big gesture of defiance, they took care to disarm the workers and at the same time held the enraged peasantry outside Barcelona.

Wherever labor organizations were controlled by right-wing Socialists and closely allied to the republicans, the fascists moved in with nothing to stop them but oratory. But wherever labor had broken with the republicans, and had begun to cohere into workers' councils representing all labor organizations and led only by labor, the fascists had to fight for whatever they could get, and some liberty and labor strength were salvaged. In Asturias, where the workers' councils had developed most completely, the miners easily took over the entire region and held it for many days. Lerroux and Gil Robles had to get Moors and foreign legionaries from Morocco to suppress them. It was the most appallingly brutal chapter in the history of Spain. Hundreds of workers were shot; thousands were jailed. Yet this worst of all defeats was the beginning of a victory, because the narrow margin by which the government saved itself kept Gil Robles out of power. Neither he nor Lerroux dared take the risk implicit in the Asturias warning.

The ingredients of the present situation are conditioned therefore by three records: first, the record of the Socialist-republican coalition government in power during the first two and a half years of the republic—its failure to solve any of the urgent national problems—land, unemployment, civil liberties, regional and municipal self-gov-

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ernment; second, the record of the 1933 elections—the electoral defeat of labor through disunity, opening the door to fascist dictatorship; third, the record of October—the defeat of fascism through militant united-front labor action, independent of the republicans.

From these elements derives the conflict now going on in every labor and peasant organization, which is reflected in the struggle within the government itself. It is the struggle to determine whether labor is to act again, as in 1931-33, as the strength behind a republican, bourgeois government to solidify a bourgeois, liberal democracy; or whether, as in October, it is to act as a united force for social revolution and to put its own government in power. This struggle is expressed in the formation of two organizations. One is the "Popular Front," which now exists chiefly in the electoral pact that guaranteed a labor-republican coalition for the purpose of winning the elections on a strictly bourgeois, immediate program. The pact, too long to be quoted here, is an important document, the cornerstone of the present government.

The strongest supporters of the "Popular Front" are, first, the liberal republicans, of whom Azaña is the outstanding leader. Their reasons are life-and-death reasons. Without labor support they cannot possibly remain in power unless they scrap their liberal program and ally themselves with the right, as the right hopes they will do, repeating the pattern of Lerroux. But to retain labor support they have to be prepared to go beyond their electoral program, beyond even the most liberal of bourgeois ideas. They must solve the emergency problem of some six million peasants and landworkers, and this can be done only by expropriations that would split the entire capitalist structure. They cannot buy the land—the government is bankrupt.

Moreover, they must somehow satisfy the security and wage demands of the urban proletariat. This also they cannot do within the present system, without money. At the same time they are committed to the meticulous protection of all property rights, and that position compels them to do as they did in 1931-33—worry first and always about how to prevent revolution rather than about how to carry out reforms. That, again, they put this first is evident in a number of significant measures: censorship, martial law, and especially the postponement of municipal elections, which would have resulted in an overwhelming labor majority in the key machinery of Spanish government, the local powers. A further indication of this anxiety is the dismissal of Zamora and the substitution of a relatively unimportant presidential election for municipal elections.

The Azaña government is committed to the repression of revolution, as the right press recognizes with rejoicing, and as Azaña himself has repeated in a number of speeches. Its labor supporters, the believers in the Popular Front, either have to indorse that position implicitly or break with Azaña and precipitate a class battle. These supporters are, most prominently, the right-wing Socialist leaders, such as Indalecio Prieto, who like Azaña are much more interested in preventing proletarian revolution than in any other single problem. They cannot act on their own doctrines because at heart, like Social Democrats of their sort the world over, they have no confidence in the capacities and intelligence of the working class. These people are the bureaucratic backbone of the Socialist organizations, which are the most powerful labor organizations in Spain. They are the ones who saw to it that the coalition tickets carried a majority of republicans, in spite of the fact that the majority of the votes were unquestionably labor.

The most unreserved supporters of the Popular Front policy are the leaders of the Communist Party. Like the right-wing Socialists, they oppose independent labor action and believe, or say they believe, that the Azaña government is basically labor's friend.

The opposing side crystallizes around the Alianza Obrera (workers' councils) movement, which springs primarily from the labor and peasant rank and file. All the labor organizations have to indorse it, but the Nin-Maurin Partido Obrero, leading labor party in Catalonia, is actually the only one that recognizes the two—the Popular Front coalition and the Alianza Obrera—as antagonistic alternatives. The Anarcho-Syndicalist workers, numerically second in power to the Socialists, are in general sympathetic to the Alianza Obrera and opposed to the coalition, but their leaders are split on the question of Alianza Obrera support because there is nothing in the world they hate so much as cooperation with Socialists. They have much to forgive, it is true. Yet in Asturias they gave full support to the Alianza, and they now recognize that because they did give it, and everybody else did likewise, the workers won their battle.

The Alianza Obrera movement is reflected in a number of other tendencies: movements for trade-union unity on a bargained democratic basis; movements to organize workers' militias, as is being done very quietly throughout Spain; movements, even, to organize military nuclei within the army and certain police corps, which is also being done but how extensively no one can be quite sure; and, finally, slogans and policies aimed at direct action of the sort described at the beginning of this article, with which the enormous majority of the Spanish peasants and workers are in complete sympathy.

The object of the Alianza Obrera movement and of all the related activities is nothing less than organization and preparation for Socialist revolution in the immediate future, which may mean in weeks or in months. It is largely spontaneous and so powerful that the fascists, to head it off, are engaging in a terrorist campaign in order to provoke so much fear and instability that the generals will be pushed into a coup d'état. It is very likely that some such attempt, comparable to the Russian "July days," will be made in the immediate future, the date depending on the rapidity with which the organization of labor for revolution progresses.

There is one chance in a thousand that the Azaña government will be able to consolidate a liberal-republican democracy. There are perhaps two chances in ten that the right will crush labor and the liberals and instal its dictatorship. The other eight chances are in favor of a victorious Socialist revolution.

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France Votes for the Future

By M. E. RAVAGE

Paris, April 21, by Cable

NEXT Sunday the French people will go to the polls to choose a new Parliament. Whatever the outcome, the day will mark an epoch in European history. Not since the spring of 1789 has the political atmosphere, despite outward calm, been so electrical. For this is no ordinary election. The issue is whether the country shall progress toward unraveling the problems created by the Industrial Revolution or slide back to a new feudalism, a new dark age, by conferring despotic powers on a decadent economic regime.

The voters understand this well. For them there are only two parties in the contest. Whether the citizen marks a ballot for the Radical Socialists, the Socialists, or the Communists he will really vote for the reforms outlined in the program of the Front Populaire published in January. Doubtless from force of habit he will designate an individual; actually his vote will be less for a candidate or a party than for principles. Similarly if he is supporting the right it is immaterial whether his choice falls upon the moderates, the so-called left republicans, or the Republican Federation. In any case his vote will record his sovereign will to sit tight or take chances with fascism.

Unfortunately the leaders on both sides of the battle-line manifest less clear-cut realism. Of the right it is wasting words to speak at all. To begin with, until a month ago the nationalists had not one idea to offer to the country. Hitler having on March 7 providentially supplied them with an issue, they echo the Communist menace and unsmilingly pretend that the Soviets and the Front Populaire are plotting a European conflagration. Never before were reactionaries so profoundly interested in a foreign country as the French tories are in Spain today. Lurid tales in the yellow press interpret Azaña's efforts to repress the fascists as revolutionary disorders. But all attempts to build a national front against the Front Populaire have ended in failure, even in riots. Their sole hope as far as the election is concerned consists in detaching the Radical Socialists from the Front Populaire. *Le Temps* prints daily appeals to their traditions and sheds tears over their unnatural alliance with subversive elements. Meanwhile Laval labors underground urging his friends to give a plurality to the Communists or Socialists; he hopes to defeat the left by these tactics, the assumption being that Radicals will not vote for Marxists on the second ballot.

The Front Populaire sets out for the fray with at least a semblance of unity. The members of its component parties not only share memories of common struggles and the consciousness of common dangers; the masses behind them not only fraternize in demonstrations and inter-party groupings throughout the country; their leaders have succeeded in forging a central body as well as in drawing up a common program approved by all the member organizations. It is around this program that confusion reigns.

Two questions of vital importance remain unanswered and a third has been decided negatively to the regret of all left voters. To dispose of the latter first: earlier it was proposed to run common candidates. This was actually done in a recent senatorial by-election. In a popular election for the Chamber of Deputies the plan was doubtless unreliable for constitutional and other reasons. Anyhow the Radicals, Socialists, and Communists are going before the country each with a full list of candidates. The balloting of April 26 is looked upon as a sort of primary. On May 3 the Front Populaire will return to its original idea when the parties will withdraw their separate candidates in favor of the left rival who has received the highest vote. In view of the great number of Laval Radicals the question arises whether party discipline will in all cases prevail.

More important, only a week before the election the question of the future ministry remains unsettled. The Radicals have repeatedly warned that they will not take power alone as in 1932. Although the Socialists declare themselves ready to enter a ministry, the attitude of the Communists is still uncertain. While opposed in principle to collaboration with bourgeois parties under a capitalist regime, they will accept portfolios if "the government is something other than the usual log-rolling parliamentary combination and relies for support in executing its pledges on the great masses of the people assembled under the banner of the Front Populaire." Events alone can determine whether this condition will be met.

But it is over the program that polemics continue to rage. It is worth noting that the achievement of the program was chiefly due to the persistence and moderation of the Communists, whose formula "Difference of opinion, unity of action" has prevailed. They were determined to win the adherence of the Radicals, the largest party. Thus it is that in the contest each party goes before the voters with its own platform, the common program becoming obligatory only in the ballot of May 3. A few weeks ago a Socialist member of the Front Populaire committee suggested that each candidate be requested to pledge his approval of the program and his support of the government formed to execute it. Surprisingly enough, the Communists, eager not to alienate the Radicals by seeming to dictate to them, rejected the proposal.

Despite these controversies the victory of the left, thanks to popular enthusiasm, is generally believed certain on May 3 if not next Sunday. The reactionaries show by their agitation, their solemn warnings, their mobilization of fascist gangs that they expect a beating. But the real question, assuming a left victory, is what will the leaders do with it. To this a second article will attempt to reply.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

AT LAST we have a clearing-house and coordinator for the many peace organizations of the country. The National Peace Conference, which is holding its first meeting in Washington in the week of April 21, represents some thirty-five national anti-war societies or associations which are especially interested in improving international relations before the world is finally wrecked by war and the armament madness. The purpose of the conference is to avoid duplication of effort, to bring about a united peace front as far as that is possible, to develop a unity of program, and above all to make the peace movement more realistic and much harder hitting than ever before. This conference has been in an experimental stage for some three years. Now, as a result of impetus given to it at a meeting called by Nicholas Murray Butler, it is well on the way to accomplishing its purpose. It is emphatically not another peace organization. It is the *agency* of the bodies which comprise its membership, each of which has two representatives in the conference. It makes suggestions and offers programs. It informs its member societies what the different organizations are doing so that they may cooperate if they desire. It will probably publish soon a bulletin of information. It will, of course, sponsor mass-meetings, and it is already carrying on a radio campaign. It will voice its opinions and issue the usual press releases and engage in the usual open and above-board peace propaganda—activities which have already caused that noble, honorable, and high-minded American William Randolph Hearst to go into spasms.

The conference has appointed a number of committees and doubtless will appoint more. It is getting in touch with sympathetic persons who are distinguished in the fields of international law and international relations in order to have the benefit of their advice. It is especially interested in matters of national defense, and recently published the protest of more than 700 prominent men and women against the mad rush in Congress to militarize the country by voting billion-dollar appropriations for army and navy. To list the organizations which have thus far joined would take most of my remaining space, but it is worth while to point out that conservative and radical peace organizations are at last under the same banner, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, for example, together with the Fellowship of Reconciliation and the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the National Council for the Prevention of War, the League of Nations Association, the World Peace Foundation, the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., and many others equally well known. Frankly, nothing has given me greater hope for the peace movement except the extraordinary turning to it of youth in the universities and colleges of the land—the National Student Federation is naturally a member of the Peace Conference.

Indeed, the more I travel around the country the more I am impressed by the great strength of the peace sentiment. The insistence upon new neutrality legislation, the determination that this country shall not take part in the next European war, the clear understanding on the part of the people that our going into the last war was an unmitigated calamity—all these things convince me that if this sentiment could only be organized it would exert a tremendous influence and bring Washington to book—especially that astute politician in the White House who has been so rapidly militarizing the country without in the least taking the country into his confidence about it. It was especially gratifying to read that a strong delegation from the People's Mandate Against War has followed the Peace Conference's lead and has demanded of the Democrats in Congress that they return to the platform of 1932 in this matter of large military expenditures; it has also asked the Republican leaders who are crying out so vociferously for economy and a balanced budget why they have not demanded economy in the matter of armaments.

All this merely reinforces the point that the time had more than come for a coordination of the peace forces. And it is not merely the money side of it of which I am thinking. I am far more concerned with our building up the professional military and naval group than with the billions we are squandering. Dorothy Bromley in the *World-Telegram* has just reported a conversation with a naval officer in Washington who told her that this country ought to have a dictator, that Mussolini was the greatest living man, and that the final word on all American foreign affairs should be in the hands of the military branches of the government! There is loyalty to the Republic for you. Nor is this an exceptional opinion. Anybody who knows how military opinion is running in Washington can tell of other officers who talk in this way. Secretary Ickes has said that the spearhead of fascism in this country is appearing in the effort to muzzle and control college and school teachers. I think a much more dangerous spearhead is to be found in Washington in military and naval circles.

Finally I must not fail to add that the National Peace Conference has been extremely fortunate in getting Dr. Walter W. Van Kirk as director. Long associated with the Federal Council of Churches and an admirable interpreter of religious news over the radio, he has established the national office of the conference at 8 West Fortieth Street, New York, where full information as to the work may be obtained. It deserves to grow into the most important and influential body of all those seeking to preserve our peace, our institutions, and our very civilization.

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BROUN'S PAGE

WHEN one has lost a case in court it is customary to cuss the judge and take an appeal. A jury trial is different. Twelve good men and true can be just as wrong as one and readily twice as stupid. And yet the wronged defendant who protests may seem to be attacking that citadel of our liberties known as trial by jury.

It is the best we have and it can be pretty terrible. I have in mind twelve men and women of assorted sizes resident in the city of Milwaukee. Somebody may think that he has known a dumber jury, but I challenge him to prove it. But what does it avail me to carry on in this fashion? Even if any portion of this attack came to the eyes of any member of the benighted twelve, my revenge would not be furthered since this article is not illustrated with pictures.

Illiteracy in regard to labor cases is not uncommon among juries, but it was strange to find twelve persons in Milwaukee who seemed to be wholly ignorant in regard to the matter of mass picketing. And yet they were sensitive enough to mass testimony. Three newspapermen were on trial. The other guild members were accused of disorderly conduct, and I was charged with interfering with an officer. The case of the prosecution consisted simply of producing one policeman after another who told precisely the same story down to the last detail. But not a single juror tumbled to the fact that no such united front of testimony can be achieved except by careful rehearsal. Judge, prosecutor, and all the court attendants were startled when the jury returned with a verdict of guilty.

The portion of the hostile testimony which irked me most was the repeated assertion of the police that I had exclaimed in a loud voice, "What in hell do you have to do to get pinched in this town?" I would much rather invent my wisecracks myself than leave that task to the police of any city. And Milwaukee isn't even in the big leagues.

Of course we of the defense made some serious mistakes in strategy. We had no right to assume that there was any intelligence in that jury. I never did like the woman in the purple hat. I think we should have used one of our challenges against her. She looked more hostile and less alert than the others in the panel, which is a pretty severe indictment. It is interesting to watch people when your fate is more or less in their hands. Probably lawyers may become expert at guessing, but it seemed to me a sheer gamble. You can't get the element of chance out of trial by jury. Given the most progressive community in the world, and it may be the hard luck of some defendant to find himself looking into twenty-four imbecilic eyes. Jurors, like dice, can run against you.

It is second guessing, of course, but I now believe we made a mistake to sum up. Our lawyer called me "a nationally known newspaperman" and indulged in other compliments. I think that was bad for this particular jury. After all, they had seen me sitting in front of them all morning, and they probably said to themselves, "He may, bad cess to him, be a nationally known newspaperman, but we'll show him where he gets off in tangling with the coppers of Milwaukee."

Still these are superficial things. The judge probably hurt us most of all. He kept insisting that it was not a labor case and that picketing was not the issue. Sharply he shut off most of the testimony about the manner in which the police attacked the line and tried to smash it. He would have the jury believe that arguments and clashes occurred in a vacuum without any rhyme or reason, and of course he had a jury fit to save Tinker Bell from dying. This was a jury ready to believe anything.

His Honor was very cranky at the morning session and quite a bit more affable in the afternoon. That frequently happens with judges. I have almost come to believe that there should not be any morning sessions where labor cases are concerned. I met the old judge while the jury was out deliberating. He comes from Beaverdam, Wisconsin, and he thinks that labor unions are terrible things. I think the name is Davies. That may not be right, but it doesn't matter. In fact, I intend to make no effort to check up. All through the trial he kept calling me "Brown."

I wouldn't say that Judge David was actually prejudiced against urban communities. On the contrary, Beaverdam's most noted jurist presented himself to me as more or less a cosmopolite. Once he had sat in a case concerning Gilda Grey, the shimmy dancer. He granted her a divorce. When he went to New York a whole year later Miss Grey found out about it and sent the judge two tickets for her show. These tickets were absolutely free and had little holes in them as if pierced with birdshot. They were in the seventh row on an aisle. Judge Duffy thinks that Gilda Grey is quite a dancer. There's something mysterious and primitive about her, he says. Unfortunately, I didn't have the privilege of hearing any more because right at that point our primitive jury came strolling in with their mysterious verdict.

But granted that juries are often stupid, I think the blame lies elsewhere. When a judge says, "Now stick to the case," he really means ignore the essentials. From a technical point of view I suppose he had the right to tell the jury that the merits of the guild strike against Hearst were not relevant, but from the point of view of ordinary common sense even an intelligent juror cannot pass on a labor case without knowing the issues and the background. Those are the true fundamentals. Indeed, sometimes I think there is a subtle recognition of that. It well may be that guild members are being tried not for "interfering with an officer" but for interfering with William Randolph Hearst.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

JOHN REED: NO LEGEND

BY MAX LERNER

ONE of the best ways to damn a man, if you can't ignore him or vilify him outright, is to build a legend around him. That makes him a hazy and unreal figure and takes the edge off whatever sharp meaning his life might otherwise have. John Reed was a dangerous man. His life traced a pattern which, if it were followed by other middle-class lives, would burst the bounds of our entire present social system. And so those who have feared him, unable to fight his influence in any other way, have welcomed the chance to make him incredible. They have called him wild, irresponsible, reckless; dubbed him—and the name has stuck—a playboy; underscored his pranks and amours; mocked the bewildering succession of his plans and projects; damned him not with faint but with exaggerated praise for his versatility, so that the versatile passed by innuendo into the superficial; marveled at his all-seeing reporter's eye, the implication being that what was all eye could scarcely be much brain; endowed him with seven-league boots for bestriding all the roads and oceans of the world; condescended to his Faustian thirst for life. Thus they have made of him an unreal mythical figure instead of a lusty life-sized man. Walter Lippmann set the pattern as early as 1914, four years after they were both out of college, in his article on "Legendary John Reed," and Reed's enemies have followed the pattern, as his friends have often stumbled into it.

Granville Hicks has now written a biography of Reed* which has, among many merits, that of making him credible. It required restraint to do this, for the legend is deeply rooted, and Reed's life was indeed fertile soil for such a growth. An Oregon boy of good family and considerable means, one of the possessors of the earth, educated at the fashionable private schools and at Harvard—such a boy becomes a rough-and-tumble war correspondent, labor journalist, radical poet, war resister; and after witnessing and describing the "ten days that shook the world" in the October revolution, he stands trial for sedition in America, helps organize an underground American revolutionary party, and finally at thirty-three dies of typhus in Moscow and is buried with honors in the Kremlin.

What made it an important as well as an exciting life? Not merely Reed's unquenchable desire for experience. Through all its apparent gyrations it had order, sequence, an inner logic. Actually it was one of the most deadly serious attempts ever made by an American to organize his experience into something that had meaning and stature. If Reed's story is seen that way—the story of a middle-class boy and of how he is educated by events, how he is led by an unswerving instinct to break with his class and his past, how he explores every channel of rebellion and innovation until finally he throws his lot in with a workers' collectivism—it takes on a meaning that places it high in the history of the American consciousness.

Reed had to an enormous degree a life-affirming quality. He was a long time in discovering it, as he was in finding himself at all. He had first to pass through the phase of negative rebellions against the culture around him. Then came a period of crisis and uncertainty, precipitated by the war. And finally, in his last and revolutionary phase, came a sense of peace and discipline. But throughout his life the pattern that we may trace is the growing affirmation of joyous, human values. Prodigal in his own talents and resources and prodigal in spending himself, he felt stifled in a world where the sort of freedom and experience he wanted was not accessible to all.

It was probably at Harvard, at once the citadel of social orthodoxy and the breeding-ground of intellectual dissenters, that Reed first became restlessly aware of the cleavage which it would take the rest of his life to heal. And yet he left college essentially unscarred, and his cattle-boat trip to Europe, his adventures in Paris and Spain brought him back to New York determined to make a million and get married. His discovery of New York was what every Western boy and every Harvard poet has reenacted—the warm polyglot life of the city, the sweet sense of personal freedom, the reckless spending of oneself in its pursuit. But he discovered also social misery and oppression, and his energies took the form of an increasingly bitter indictment of middle-class culture because it stifled life. It was this that led him inevitably to break with the successful New York literary groups, join the staff of the *Masses,* turn with sympathy to the Mexican peons whom he learned to know as a war correspondent. But the more nomadically he wandered about the world, the more restlessly he explored the possibilities of love and adventure the more doubtful his solutions and successes seemed to him.

Contact with the labor movement was not enough. He was still, even as master of ceremonies at the Paterson pageant in Madison Square Garden, essentially the John Reed who was cheer leader at Harvard the year when Hamilton Fish was captain of the football team. He had got a sense of the possibilities of the common man from his experiences with Villa's *jacquerie.* He had been labor journalist as well as war correspondent, and the Ludlow massacre had left its mark on him. But it was not enough. The American entrance into war found him troubled,

*"John Reed: The Making of a Revolutionary." By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

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indecisive, discouraged—world weary at twenty-nine.

To a considerable extent the Russian Revolution resolved his personal crisis. What had been troubling him was that, despite his clear recognition that capitalist culture was life-denying rather than life-affirming, he could not get any conviction that the workers were any better or different. He ate his heart out at their lack of courage and spirit, at the docility with which they allowed themselves in every country to be herded into the war-pens and butchered there, at the bewildered way in which they accepted conscription in America, at their fear of finding out how hard a policeman's club could really hit. But in Russia he found that it was the workers and the soldiers and the peasants who stood fast in the great emergencies of those ten days and who won the revolution.

Thus through all his wanderings and explorations Reed was led, by some hard and uncanny inner sense, to discover truths and solutions that remained hidden from wiser minds than his, like Lincoln Steffens's, and from subtler minds, like Walter Lippmann's. He often got the right answers on the basis of the wrong reasons. Part of his genius lay in his being so terribly unfooled. "This is not our war," he kept saying, when everyone else was getting lost in a maze of sophistry and propaganda. He was no thinker but a man of action. But it was his good fortune to be led to the most desirable of all fates for a man of action who is also a writer and a poet—the chance at once to write history and to make it.

It is this emphasis on freedom and action and joyousness—almost this obsession of Reed's with them—that gives his life its importance for us and makes the incidents of it credible. Reed died thinking he had found in communism a solution not only for himself but for the workers and the creative everywhere. How deep his communism was is a question that is difficult to answer. He probably understood communism only as he understood everything else—as a verifiable part of his own experience. Whether he would have stayed with communism is an even more difficult question. Could his restless spirit have disciplined itself to withstand the weariness and the bitter disappointments of the years that have elapsed since his death? That question need not be answered. His experience went deeper than communism. It raised, without answering in any final way, the basic question of how to secure the generous and expansive values of life for all men—a problem in solving which communism may prove, as individualism has proved, a historical episode.

John Reed was a great journalist and, when he could be genuinely a part of all that he met, a first-rate writer. Already he has become for the thinking minority of our young people in and out of the colleges the most evocative figure we have produced—terribly close to them, moved by their impulsions, confronted by their dilemmas. Mr. Hicks's book should get the Pulitzer prize for biography; for its theme and for the moving yet scholarly and restrained way in which it is handled, for the mastery with which the author shows Reed coming to maturity amid the attractions and tensions of life in a bewildering era. It should get the prize, but it will not. That, too, is part of John Reed's story.

Moments

Ezra Pound Is Interrupted in His Daily Devotions

BOOKS

Planning and Slums

CITY PLANNING: HOUSING. Vol. I. *HISTORICAL AND SOCIOLOGICAL.* By Werner Hegemann. Architectural Book Publishing Company. $3.75.

WHAT the reader expects when he opens a book on city planning and housing is a succession of idealized plans, contrasted with the ugliness and inconveniences of the haphazard actualities; charts and graphs and statistics of disease, crime, accidents; calculations of cost and benefit. In his earlier works Dr. Hegemann has given us much excellent material of this kind. But in the present volume he has devoted himself wholly to the historical, sociological, and economic background of planning in America. Long and bitter experience had taught him that even the best-conceived and most workable city-planning projects are destined to remain on paper.

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The city planner proposes, but the realtor disposes. For behind the real-estate operator stands the financial institution; behind the financial institution, an economic system dominated exclusively by the profit motive and a political system abjectly subservient to business. Until the obstructive power of these forces has been broken, rational city planning must remain a vain hope. Effective city planning must follow upon successful national planning.

But national planning, it is commonly assumed, is out of harmony with American tradition. Dr. Hegemann brings forward abundant evidence to prove that the founders of the republic hoped to build a nation which should be rationally ordered, liberated from the hampering traditions, privileges, and disabilities of the Old World. The Constitution itself was a rationally planned document, not an adaptation of any existing scheme of government supposed to embody the wisdom of age-old experience. The capital of the nation was to be carefully planned; by systematic planning of transportation the western country was to be developed and connected indissolubly with the capital and the seaboard cities. All the great statesmen of the early republic—Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Gallatin—were essentially national planners. They looked with friendly eyes upon private initiative merely as a force which good policy would utilize for the work of state building. But if private interests stood in the way of a public purpose the "Fathers" would not have hesitated to destroy them.

In the upheaval of the Civil War and the decades immediately following, American statecraft was pushed into the background by the rising power of the great corporations, which built, destroyed, won out, or failed without the least concern for the nation over whose body they were fighting. We have had Presidents of the old school like Wilson and the two Roosevelts who have wished to subordinate big business to plans for the national welfare, but their struggle with private interests has been on the whole a losing one. In consequence we have an economic system characterized by a maximum of insecurity for the working class, a vast, disorderly growth of cities, one-third of our population inadequately, even indecently housed. And it is a dictum accepted by conservatives and radicals alike that nowhere in the field of private interests can we find the motives and resources capable of rehousing the working class.

In this situation Dr. Hegemann sees a serious danger to American institutions. This third of our population that must live under degrading conditions in the slums or on barren hill farms is exactly the material required by a Hitler or a Lenin. People who see their children languishing in a sunless slum tenement, or being drawn irresistibly toward vice or crime, are not likely to stand up against the temptations of a demagogue who promises everything. Dr. Hegemann recurs again and again to the analogy between the slum dweller and the slave. When slaves are too numerous a servile insurrection is in the offing.

By the same analogy the owner of slum property is a slave driver. We emancipated the slaves without compensation to the owners, on the ground that property in slaves is essentially immoral. Property in disease-breeding tenements is equally immoral, according to Dr. Hegemann's view. Society would be justified in seizing such property and destroying it. But just as it would have been better to buy off the slave owner than to crush him by war, so Dr. Hegemann would offer a modest compensation to the owner of the houses that plainly ought to be condemned. Ten per cent of the appraised value seems to him a fair figure.

This is the point to which a sincere and essentially conservative scholar like Dr. Hegemann is forced by the present housing impasse. One who has not centered his interest so definitely in the housing problem may question the fairness and expediency of the virtual confiscation of one particular type of property. If slum tenements are occupied, it is because industry and commerce pay wages too low to permit the worker to cover rent on decent quarters. If industry and commerce pay indecently low wages, we, the general public, buy goods at less than a decent price. We are all accomplices in the crime of slum housing, and the cost of abolishing the slum ought to be distributed widely among us.

Yet it is seldom possible to effect a far-reaching reform by methods that are scrupulously fair and just. Both North and South had benefited by the wealth produced by slavery. It would have been fair to buy out the slave owners at national expense; but it would not have been practicable. The moment the buying operation began, the price of slaves would have soared. If we set out seriously to buy up slum property, the values would rise to bankrupt us. Strategically Dr. Hegemann is probably right in urging the abolition of slum values with only nominal compensation if any. We shall have very little real housing reform until, justly or unjustly, we excommunicate the owner of slum property and exhibit a determination to brush aside what we now let him conceive of as his sacred rights. Perhaps we shall then be able to buy him out on terms that are within reason.

ALVIN JOHNSON

Eskimo by Choice

ARCTIC ADVENTURE. By Peter Freuchen. Farrar and Rinehart. $3.50.

WHEN Lincoln Ellsworth came back to town the other day after making a magnificent flight across Antarctica the New York *Times* put the story on page 16. Arctic and Antarctic adventure, it seems, is no longer front-page news. Politics and European war scares have taken the place of polar exploration.

Until Peter Freuchen's "Arctic Adventure" came along one could almost have been thankful for Democrats, Republicans, and European crises. Peter Freuchen, however, has changed all that. "Arctic Adventure" is front-page literary news. It puts Greenland into the headlines along with the Rhineland. It throws a bright light on a cold corner of the earth where men fight for food instead of prestige. After reading a chapter or two you feel like asking Captain Bob Bartlett—"the greatest ice navigator in the world," says Freuchen—to take you with him the next time he sails for Thule.

Freuchen, let it be said immediately, doesn't pretend to be a scientist or a patriot. In fact, the giant Dane, six feet five and red-headed, hurls a few harpoons into some of the men who say they go to the bottom and top of the world for the sake of science. As for patriotism, the King of Denmark, supposedly interested in polar exploration, probably won't like "Arctic Adventure." It is rather rough on him.

For twenty years Peter Freuchen fought, sledged, lived, and loved in the Arctic. He first went to Greenland in 1907. After that short trip life in Copenhagen was dull, and tragic. He was a young medical student. One day he stood proudly at the hospital window watching a discharged patient take his first steps across the street. The patient had been carried into the hospital, a bloody mess on a stretcher. Doctors had said there was no hope. By a miracle of medical science he had been fully restored, and young Peter saw meaning in life. His

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eyes followed the patient as he crossed the street. Suddenly one of Copenhagen's first automobiles hit the man and killed him. That was medicine enough for Freuchen. Knud Rasmussen, then an ambitious young fellow, asked him to go to Greenland to establish a trading post. He went, and Thule, far up on the west coast, became his home.

Winter, spring, summer, winter, Freuchen and his Eskimos fight nature and seek food. The smell of food is on every page; and frequently the smell is bad. For most of the time Freuchen and his Eskimos are starving for food, hunting for food, saving food, or gorging themselves with it when the precious stuff is in their hands. Men must eat, and in the Arctic men eat dog meat and mice, as well as such "delicacies" as whale, seal, and walrus.

The Northland, that region from Greenland across Baffin Bay to Hudson Bay, is unrelenting. A man, says Freuchen, must be sure of himself before he takes chances with it. There were many men who didn't know their limits. Dr. Wulff, a Swedish scientist, was one; the Eskimos and a white man had to leave him behind to die.

The Arctic gets the dogs too, those dogs which make Arctic adventure possible. Freuchen, Rasmussen, and their Eskimos crossed the northern ice cap of Greenland. They stood on the spot where many years before Peary—of him Peter Freuchen speaks with reverence—had built a cairn. The trip out and back was a living death. They started with more than forty dogs; only seven returned. They had to kill many for food. A bitch whelped during the journey. One after another the puppies dropped from her; one after another the starving dogs which remained snatched up the pups as soon as they were born. The mother tried to prevent this cannibalism and finally did. When pup number nine was born she whirled around and devoured it herself.

Freuchen's Eskimos are a humble, indirect people. The Eskimo doesn't ask you for food. That would be bad manners. He puts it this way: "It is not impossible that someone in this area is lacking food." The Eskimo shares his wealth. There is much room in the Arctic, but no room, among the natives, for distinction between the man who owns meat and the man who doesn't.

Peter Freuchen tells more about the life, habits, morals, superstitions of the Eskimos than do exploring scientists who have written the "authoritative" books. Instead of giving a dissertation on Eskimo morals he tells you how Aloquisaq lost her pants. Instead of a chapter on Eskimo habits he describes Arnarak's way of shampooing her hair.

Where others observed the Eskimo, Freuchen became one of them. He married Navarana, an Eskimo girl. She told him much about her people that he would not have known otherwise. Once he took Navarana to Copenhagen, but she was impressed neither with the city nor with the King, who granted Freuchen and his wife an audience. Navarana bore her husband two children, a boy and a girl. "The boy," writes Freuchen, was "born at 3 a.m., June 16, 1916. At eight o'clock that morning Navarana got up again, straightened her house, and walked out with the boy on her back. At five o'clock that night she led the ball with Knud and danced with abandon. She went to bed, however, before all the guests had departed, complaining of being tired."

Peter Freuchen cared little for the white man after he came to know the "uncivilized" Eskimo. He has some harsh words for many Danish, American, and other explorers, and he isn't afraid to mention their names. As for events at home he didn't bother much to read the newspapers when they came once a year. His indifference is almost inhuman. "Arctic

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Adventure" reveals the Eskimo world admirably, but it doesn't always reveal Peter Freuchen.

Navarana died of influenza, the white man's disease. Today Peter Freuchen is back in Denmark; he has returned to the fold. He writes books; he lectures; he has even gone to Hollywood to make a picture. It doesn't matter. Pick up "Arctic Adventure" and be careful lest the hands of the clock sneak around to the tiny hours of the morning.

SHEPARD STONE

Back to Hutchins!

NO FRIENDLY VOICE. By Robert Maynard Hutchins. University of Chicago Press. $2

ROBERT HUTCHINS'S prose, like his mind, is clean, forceful, and direct. There are no dangling participles, no inchoate ideas, no uncertainties. His faith is as simple as it is absolute. All questions, he believes, can be answered, and each problem admits of but one solution. There is only one method—the use of reason; and with it the philosopher or university president can determine the age for entering college, the function of the Y. M. C. A., the proper radio policy, and what a general education ought to be. With calm assurance he says all things to all people; to the physician, back to Galen; to the educator, back to Aristotle; to the Y. M. C. A. secretary, back to Christ.

It may be unfortunate to have the speeches collected in a book which can be read at one sitting. For it turns out that he has really been saying the same thing in almost the same words to all of his audiences. He has been preaching against anti-intellectualism, whatever that may mean, and proclaiming rational thought as violently as though a party had been formed to make it irrational. There had to be a villain in the piece, and as Mr. Hearst has his red, Mr. Hutchins has his "fact." Immutable ideas, "fundamental principles which may be established by rational thought," unity—these are the things that universities, through their professors and students, should be seeking. Facts change, they are confusing and stubborn, and they cannot be learned in four years. Therefore, though he grudgingly admits their usefulness, it is theory that he emphatically stresses. To the student, eager to see the new light, he points backward again. "These ideas may chiefly be *discovered* [italics, the reviewer's] in the books of those who clarified and developed them."

If one is inclined to skepticism at authoritative statements on science, education, history, philosophy, religion coming from a former law professor, an examination of Mr. Hutchins's philosophy of learning dispels it. Immutable ideas being the end of the learning process and being found in a few books, it is possible to be expert in any subject matter without having had experience with it, or feeling for it. In fact, the less experience the better, because facts obscure principles. The plausible and persuasive can be accepted and defended against all the fumbling experiments of the practitioners of a craft. It is the reaction of a clean mind that is uncomfortable before the chaos of creation, and prefers Indian summer with the struggle for existence decided to stormy, uncertain spring. The psychoanalysts have a name for it.

While, as Mr. Hutchins constantly reiterates, it may not be the function of a university to develop character, the ones he has attended and administered have done their share toward making his a great one. There are no more stirring utterances in the book than those on academic freedom, and his speeches have been backed by action. He has never let a professor down, never budged an inch from his position that what is legal in the state and the nation is appropriate on a college campus, and that what is illegal should be handled by the proper authorities, not the university administration. The same character made him a leader in the fight to maintain public educational budgets during the depression, and the status of his profession at all times. In the face of that it would be ungracious to suggest that academic freedom is as out of place in his rational world as poets were in Plato's Republic. The whole democratic process becomes silly when the only right answers are discovered by reading the classics.

A long time has elapsed since the realistic dean of the Yale Law School was appointed president of the University of Chicago. In the Yale days he was the leader of a revolutionary movement; now he has become the spearhead of a reaction. Swings from accumulation to analysis are not unusual in the history of science, and the time for one is now ripe. But what is needed is thought, not exhortation. In view of that need it is a pity that the forward-looking dean became the backward-looking president; that he assumes not that truth is to be discovered but that it has been forgotten.

The humor, the sarcasm, the half-smile with which many of the speeches were delivered cover a fundamental shyness, a slight sense of insecurity that is perhaps the basis of Mr. Hutchins's quest for certainty. Those qualities disappear when, because he is speaking from his own experience, he is most genuinely himself. Out of that experience come the remarks on academic freedom, the speech on morals and non-conformity to the graduating class of 1935, and the wholly charming address entitled "The Sentimental Alumnus," delivered at Oberlin, his boyhood home and first college. The fact—if not the idea—that he has chosen those speeches for inclusion in the volume gives rise to the hope that before too long he may adopt as his advice to himself: Back to Hutchins.

DONALD SLESINGER

The Comic View

BONES OF CONTENTION. By Frank O'Connor. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

IT IS too bad that Frank O'Connor's books are not better known in this country, because they illustrate qualities likely to be forgotten in a period like the present. It is not only their humor, or their peculiar variety of humor, but also the qualities of sympathy and detachment. Sympathy is something that we have had in abundance both as expansive self-pity and as aggressive championship of the lowly. But it is rarely to be found as a function of the writer's whole vision of experience—a vision so complete as to include the writer along with his characters. Mr. O'Connor is detached in the sense that he allows the observed experience to carry its own moral. And the moral is that anything less than a profound and all inclusive charity is madness and death.

This is to put it very strongly, but such is actually the moral of the title story of Mr. O'Connor's first collection, "Guests of the Nation," in which a group of Irish revolutionists are forced by political necessity to entice a friendly English hostage into a forest and shoot him. Mr. O'Connor's characteristic stories, to be sure, are not so harrowing, but there is always a burden of potential disaster. In his novel "The Saint and Mary Kate," a realistic chronicle of calf-love in the Cork slums becomes a hilarious parody of the Temptation of Saint Anthony. In the present collection most of the tales are demonstrations of the triumph of nature over circumstance, and are therefore

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comic: the theft of musical instruments by a disreputable street band (Orpheus and His Lute), an old peasant's preference of imprisonment to paying a fine for the sake of humiliating a neighbor (The Majesty of the Law), and the communal loyalty of a whole village in protecting its own against the law (Tears, Idle Tears and Peasants). There is also the uproarious fantasy of the man who is literally paralyzed by life: he "stops" in the street one day and has to be removed by the police. Beneath all this rich humor and light-hearted fantasy there is undoubtedly much suffering; but to those who would object to his acquiescence Mr. O'Connor would probably reply that the comic writer is concerned, not with the separate elements, but with one possible pattern of experience.

The comic pattern demands objectivity, and the technical success of these stories arises out of the strict adherence to dialogue and situation. (When the attempt is to present character from the inside, as in two or three instances, the result is less distinguished.) The language is a realization of the improbable flights of Irish speech of a sort to make the more famous passages of Synge seem like the insincerities of a tired littérateur. It grows on the page, sprouting into lush foliage out of the materials of the situation. As for the situations themselves, they are rarely more than the commonplace crises of living in the Irish town and countryside. What Mr. O'Connor does with them, of course, is a result of his gift and his vision. But he reminds us again how much the deepest values of narrative spring from an intensely perceived objective experience. Perception alone is not enough; but perception, in an age given over to one mode of abstraction after another in its fiction, is necessary for the revival of such important things as wit, poetry, and understanding. WILLIAM TROY

International Gangsters

THE BROWN NETWORK. THE ACTIVITIES OF THE NAZIS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES. With an Introduction by the Earl of Listowel. Knight Publications. $3.

THERE is at least one rule without exception. Unexceptionally all governments at all times maintain espionage services, both at home and abroad. In fact, a silent international convention tolerates this supposedly necessary horror. But usually such espionage in foreign countries confines itself to accepted military spy standards. The Hitler terror differs in being an essentially *social* terror in alien countries. It murders the heads of overtly friendly states. Directly and indisputably it murdered Chancellor Dollfuss of Austria and Premier Duca of Rumania; it subsidized the organization which sent out the assassins of King Alexander and the French Foreign Minister Barthou. It spends over $108,000,000 annually on foreign propaganda. It employs literally thousands of full-time stool pigeons and provocative agents in émigré circles in Paris, London, Prague, and other centers from which émigrés are lured to the German frontier and kidnapped. The anonymous but responsibly sponsored authors of "The Brown Network" list the number of German refugees murdered in the countries to which they had fled. Hitler ambassadors are under the forced supervision of Gestapo agents, usually former gangsters, smuggled in as "diplomats." But, above all, the Hitler terror maintains in other lands widespread but coordinated Nazi parties. In contiguous territories these Nazi organizations work day and night, often within the parliament of the friendly country, to prepare the capture of German or allegedly German populations; in patently uncapturable countries, as in Great Britain, the United States, Latin America, and elsewhere,

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"What Mr. Hutchins has besides ideals and convictions is the fighting spirit," says Harry Hansen in the N. Y. *World-Telegram*. And L. D. Coffman, President of the University of Minnesota, calls it "a fine antidote to much of the loose thinking in this field."

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NO FRIENDLY VOICE
By Robert Maynard Hutchins
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these Nazi organizations both carry on individual acts of terror and try hard to break down democratic "illusions" by fostering anti-Semitism, red-baiting, Negrophobia, and obsessions of Nordic grandeur.

"The Brown Network," a companion volume to the famous "The Brown Terror," is necessarily a gruesome performance. But it must always be appreciated by the student of contemporary German affairs that the Nazi government is not a government in the conventional sense but a professional terror. This terror was let loose by men most of whom before they came to power were members of the underworld, convicted forgers, pimps, murderers, asylum inmates, or medically diagnosed sexual perverts and psychopaths. "The Brown Network" is really the international list of a criminal gang in power in Berlin. This fact, of course, does *not* explain the cause and nature of fascism as a historic phenomenon. But it does explain its methods.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Shorter Notices

FREEDOM, FAREWELL. By Phyllis Bentley. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

A prefatory quotation from Mommsen's "History of Rome" suggests the material, scope, and intention of Miss Bentley's novel: "The history of Caesar and of Roman imperialism is in truth a more bitter censure of modern autocracy than could be written by the hand of man." As a plea for republicanism against fascism the novel is not especially impressive; the familiar arguments have been stated more cogently by social critics. As a historical cocktail the novel is quite palatable. A lump of Plutarch, a few dashes of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," and a copious barspoon of Miss Bentley's carelessly ironic imagination provide the formula for a giddy evening. Several of the scenes are memorable: Caesar's matutinal flirtation with Mucia, who made a cuckold of Great Pompey; the salacious Catiline taking time out between conspiracies to eye the naked dance girls of the Flora troupe; idealistic Brutus eloquently paraphrasing the "Phaedo"; and ancient Cicero pompously parading his inexhaustible supply of unstained Latinity. Miss Bentley moves up to the first seat front row in the private-life school of historical fiction.

THE ABANDONED WOOD. By Monique Saint-Hélier. Translated by James Whitall. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

The jacket of this book states that it is the America-France Award novel but gives no further information on the meaning of this award, and the story itself suggests no reason for the internationalism in the honor. Strictly speaking, it is not a novel at all but a fairly interesting description, written with nervous feeling and perception, of some dozen characters and their peculiar relations to one another. The book reads like a fragment of an unfinished whole, of a work whose themes are announced and left suspended. The conflict so carefully prepared at first between the girl Carolle, who is determined to save what is left of her grandfather's lands, and the upstart Graew, who holds the mortgage, never occurs. Nor is the secondary problem of Carolle's happiness ever solved. It is as if the author had grown tired suddenly or had changed her mind and decided to let the first impressions of the people whose lives are all conditioned by Carolle's illegitimate birth and Graew's scheming stand alone, not as agents in a plot but as symbols of a mood, of an attitude toward such things as dignity and pride, honor and faithfulness, vulgarity and hardness of heart. The effect is of mild sentimentality mingled with a genteel acknowledgment of certain disagreeable realities. The translation is good.

ELIZABETHAN WOMEN. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin and Company. $3.

These essays contain neither information nor opinion but read like lectures to a class of young schoolgirls. We are told, for instance, that the Renaissance "was by no means confined to England," that Henry VII was "crafty and cold," Henry VIII "coarse and licentious," Charles I "haughty and imperious." Such snippets combine with cosmic utterances to form the setting, and after having been thus familiarized with the age and the literature ("from the divine sweetness of Spenser to the vigorous toughness of Donne, from the affluent grace of Daniel to the gay sprightliness of Herrick"), the reader is led to a detailed examination of the title's subject—contemporary record interleaved with platitudes, plus such items as the flower scene from "The Winter's Tale" to prove that Tudor ladies loved their gardens. Even more pointless, at this date, is the commentary on the women in the plays of Dekker, Massinger, and the like, plays treated always as Victorian novels, without any effort to achieve a conception of the dramatist's purposes. Like the ruling sovereigns they are summarized in twin epithets, as, "Jonson is coarse and cynical," "Tourneur is gory and horrible." The female characters are paraded as living figures on whose private qualities we are invited to speculate. Happily ignorant of Elizabethan dramatic conventions, the author lauds only the "human" elements, while reserving the right to inquire, characteristically, "What is real life, after all, but a poor dull parody on fancy's realm?" To critics jealous of a post-mortem reputation, this

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collection will stress the advisability of a deathbed destruction of all outmoded and unpublished papers. The essays herein contained were written between 1890 and 1910, and have no claim whatever for present publication.

DRAMA

Polite Revue

ONE remarkable fact about the current theatrical season has been the comparative scarcity and the comparative ill-success of the musical show. The drama has prospered; but for some reason or other those splendiferous concoctions of girls, tunes, and costumes which are generally taken for granted have been neither so numerous nor so successful as usual. The latest attempt to remedy this deficiency is called "On Your Toes" (Imperial Theater), and my guess would be that, despite almost deliriously enthusiastic reviews in the daily press, it will achieve a respectable success without quite restoring the good old days when such entertainments were expected to go on for eight months or so almost as a matter of course.

"On Your Toes" has a plot which is never entirely lost sight of, some pleasant Cole Porterish lyrics set to pleasant Cole Porterish tunes, and it rejoices in the presence of that solemnly agile dancer Ray Bolger, as well as in the languid participation of that weary, faintly disdainful, and generally depreciatory comedienne Luella Gear, who seems always expecting the worst and always ready to greet it with a certain resigned droop of the lips and elevation of the eyebrows which I can only describe as a shrug of the face. Tamara Geva appears as the *prima ballerina* in a troupe of Russian dancers, and one of the big scenes is a burlesque ballet in which Mr. Bolger is compelled to participate on over-short notice. It is funny enough, and it is said to be even funnier for those in a position to appreciate the subtleties of the parody, but I must confess that I found myself laboring under a disadvantage which I am sure a good many spectators must share—the disadvantage, that is to say, of not always being able to tell when a ballet is burlesque and when it is serious.

If a certain meandering casualness seems to have crept into my account of the piece, I acquired it by contagion, for "On Your Toes," like so many of the most modish revues of the past few years, is itself meandering and casual to the last degree. Gone are the days when such entertainments made it their first object to be breath-taking in speed, dazzling in color, and deafening in noise. The newer pace is a sort of polite saunter, the newer musical mode a confidential, insinuating, almost indolent melody which has lost the crispness as well as the blatancy of jazz. All this, I suspect, represents the influence of the kind of entertainer who flourishes in the politer night clubs, the *diseuse* in particular, and the result of it is that the revue which was born of burlesque and vaudeville is tending more and more in the direction of a much more intimate kind of entertainment. It is significant that the best song in "On Your Toes" is a hesitant and plaintive melody called "A Little Hotel," and that, aside from the ballet scenes, the stage is often abandoned to one or two performers who might as well be standing beside a drawing-room piano. I am not suggesting that the new style is better or worse than the old one, but it probably has a more limited appeal and may have

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something to do with the fact that out-of-town buyers and other country cousins do not keep revues alive as long as they did in the days when minor subtleties were not so assiduously cultivated.

The streak of bad luck into which the Theater Union seems to have run continues with "Bitter Stream" (Civic Repertory Theater), a well-meaning but rather feeble dramatization of the anti-Fascist novel "Fontamara." If I am not very much mistaken, neither the dramatist nor the actors knew exactly what to make of the bitter humor which dominated the novel, and the stage version languishes badly except when it arrives at moments of blood and thunder like that in which the Fascist officer shoots the peasant standing at a table before him. What the Union needs if it cannot find another play as good as "The Sailors of Cattaro" is another melodrama like "Stevedore" with lots of excitement and no nonsense.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FILMS

After the Next War

ACCORDING to H. G. Wells, whose vision of the future has at last been photographed, the next war is to begin on Christmas Eve, 1940. "Things to Come" (Rivoli), produced in London by Alexander Korda and directed by William Cameron Menzies, begins with a sky full of aeroplanes over Everytown, most of whose citizens have refused to believe in the imminent catastrophe. The catastrophe is complete. The war lasts a quarter of a century, at the end of which dreadful period only a remnant of our civilization remains, and none of our buildings. Here and there among the ruins a few barbarians live under the leadership of primitive and vulgarian landlords, but it looks as if there were no hope for the human race. Down by the Mediterranean Sea, however, Science is holding its own, and—yes, it is doing more than that. Even as we despair a fleet of vast, imperturbable sky-machines can be heard droning above the clouds, and all at once an army of muscular, intelligent men in black tights drops anaesthetizing gas on Everytown so that the barbarians, falling promptly to sleep, can be captured and set to work building the civilization of the future on scientific principles.

This civilization is what we have come to see, and what Alexander Korda has spent I don't know how many thousands of pounds to create on celluloid. The first thing to notice is that the head man in 2036, when things seem to be going about as they always will thenceforth, is the grandson of the man who saved us back in 1966. The reason may be that Raymond Massey can therefore play both parts, as he agreeably does. But it looks like hereditarianism, and in the absence of any reference to eugenics I don't know how scientific that is supposed to be. At any rate here is the civilization. It consists of beehive cities built in monster excavations—whether underground or in the sides of mountains I cannot say, since the photography at this point becomes very trick. The point is that the cities lie somewhere out of the sun, which according to one of the wise men is a poor thing at best, shining as it does intermittently through contaminated air. Down there or in there, wherever it is, the people of the future manufacture their own light rays as we do our central heat; and bask athletically in glass houses. Everything is made either of metal in white sheets or of angular plate glass; the chairs and tables are glass, the casings of elevators are transparent, and indeed the whole of Everytown has begun to look like one of those modernistic chandeliers—layered, prismatic, and by some miracle dustproof. Of course there is no dust in Everytown, come to think of it, just as there are no windows, and apparently no fashions in clothing; for the twenty thousand inhabitants whom we see are dressed all alike in white costumes which drop from their winged shoulders in swift folds. Most locomotion is vertical, though there is a fine network of curving ramps and suspended roadways.

Try as I did to think otherwise, I could only think that living there would be like living in an electric ice box, you on your tray and I on mine. The whole picture was for me intolerably prosy and grotesquely unconvincing. I was confirmed in a former suspicion, namely, that the future is the dullest subject on earth. The imagination can do nothing with it. When there is nothing to limit the imagination there is perhaps no imagination; one man's guess is as good as another, and indeed the best men will not guess. The actors seemed to know this better than Mr. Wells or Mr. Korda did, for they were unable to say their lines as if they meant them; they stared into the abominable blankness around them and said their pieces like children on parents' day. But perhaps the men behind the picture knew it too. They must, for instance, have wondered why they couldn't after all escape the present moment; why they couldn't furnish Everytown with anything beyond the period furniture of 1936, and why the great space gun at the end couldn't somehow be made to suggest a little less of Buck Rogers and Lieutenant Wilma. It was all very unsatisfactory, like the chimeras of the ancients. And obviously the people of Everytown had nothing to do in their beehive once they had built it. The fancy can construct a future earth, but it cannot set its inhabitants in motion.

Speaking of actors who cannot believe what they must say, there is William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld" (Astor), a super-film which glorifies the man who glorified the American girl. Mr. Powell manages well enough as the great Ziegfeld until he has to pose as an Immortal and to make speeches about Beauty and Art; then he drops his eyes, even though he is supposed to be gazing into those of Billie Burke (Myrna Loy), and secretly remembers that he was once the dry, wry detective of "The Thin Man." Few films have been more lavish than this one, which lasts three hours and must have cost millions of dollars, but since it can be doubted that Ziegfeld was either the Shakespeare or the Leonardo he is represented to have been it can also be doubted that the money was well spent. Luise Rainer as Anna Held, however, has done a first-rate piece of acting—the best, I think, by any woman this year, including Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" (Paramount), a clever film which is not of the first order.

When movie children are convincing, as they seldom are, I confess that I find them irresistible. Freddie Bartholomew is both things in the sublimely sentimental "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (Music Hall); and it happens also that I have seen during the fortnight a number of specimens from Russia. "Children of the Revolution" (Cameo) is interesting because its Pioneers have not been overdirected—even, perhaps, because they have been at times so poorly directed. Their very awkwardness is stamped with truth, as on another level the unconscious antics of infants necessarily are. The best thing, for example, in Julien Bryan's two-hour newsreel of contemporary Russia (Carnegie Hall) was a day nursery; its habitués were so absolutely convincing that the audience grew hysterical with recognition and laughter.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Joseph Wood Krutch says:

CALL IT A DAY. Morosco Theater. Gay and delightful comedy about what almost happened to an English family on the first dangerous day of spring.

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DEAD END. Belasco Theater. A play about gangsters in the making on an East River waterfront. More a good show than a great drama, but a very good show indeed.

SAINT JOAN. Martin Beck Theater. Brilliant interpretation by Katharine Cornell of what may well be Shaw's most enduring play.

END OF SUMMER. Guild Theater. The wittiest of American playwrights sets a group of interesting people to talking about the world as we find it. Ina Claire and Osgood Perkins help make a very happy evening.

ETHAN FROME. National Theater. The apparently impossible task of dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel achieved with conspicuous success. Outstanding performances by Pauline Lord, Ruth Gordon, and Raymond Massey.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaptation, brilliantly staged and acted. A thoroughly delightful evening in the theater.

VICTORIA REGINA. Broadhurst Theater. Delightful series of scenes from Laurence Housman's drama stunningly acted by Helen Hayes and others. Fairer to the matron queen than Strachey but funny nevertheless and charming besides.

Mark Van Doren says:

AH, WILDERNESS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Eugene O'Neill's touching and searching comedy of high-school days translated into a film which charms by its own right. Full of recognitions for the middle-aged.

A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The Marx Brothers in their best picture to date. Hilarious and brilliant.

MODERN TIMES. Charles Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin returns to the screen disguised as his old self and fulfils every expectation. Should be seen by everyone—and heard, for he has sound effects.

THE GHOST GOES WEST. Gaumont British. René Clair's first film in English, with scenes in Scotland and the United States. Clever, satirical, and fanciful, but without the master touch.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND. Fox. Tells the story of Dr. Mudd, convicted in 1865 of having helped Booth to escape. Somber and powerful; does not spare the spectator.

DUBROVSKY. Amkino. As romantic as Pushkin, on whose unfinished novel it is based. Not wholly successful, but interesting as a variation on the orthodox Russian theme.

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR. Warner Brothers. With Paul Muni as Pasteur this film makes "science" exciting, or at any rate uses the life of its hero to excellent dramatic advantage.

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The Intelligent Traveler

BY JOHN ROTHSCHILD

TRIPS TO THE SOVIET UNION

ACCORDING to Intourist, the official coordinating agency for travel in the Soviet Union, 25 per cent of those who visit Russia go there in organized tours. Group travel has distinct advantages in a land where the social unit is the group.

The number of tours announced for this summer is greater than ever before. The tours mentioned in this article are selected from a choice of ninety. With one or two exceptions they are being arranged by travel organizations specializing in Russian tours. Leaderless tours and tours which spend only a few days in the Soviet Union have been omitted. In every case there is sufficient reason for presenting information on the trip, but this does not imply indorsement.

In choosing his tour the traveler should bear in mind that travel is a service, not a commodity. A longer and cheaper tour may be a poorer buy than one which employs no better travel standards, covers less ground, and costs more. The price difference may be justified by superiority of management, for a tour is likely to be no better than the organization which runs it. Wherever possible, a person considering a tour should visit the office and get a direct impression of the relative integrity and ability of its personnel. Willingness to go into detail, fully and specifically, is evidence of reliability. Where dealings must be by letter, the same standards of judgment apply. Before signing for a tour, one should find out how many persons will be on it and who they are; who the leader is and what are his qualifications—experience in the Soviet Union, speaking knowledge of Russian, intellectual equipment, and so on.

The stabilization of the ruble, which has worried some prospective travelers, actually affects Soviet travel costs very little, since the tour price is paid in dollars as heretofore and covers all major expenditures. The fact that the visitor can now freely change dollars into rubles and make small purchases with rubles is a great convenience. Some prices are lower in rubles, others are higher. The chances are that the aggregate financial disadvantage, if any, will be negligible.

Louis Fischer, Russian correspondent of *The Nation*, has lived in the Soviet Union for thirteen years, and is acknowledged to be one of the most authoritative and brilliant commentators on the Russian scene. For the third time he will conduct a travel seminar of thirty-four days. The rate is $850, tourist class on the ocean, second-class rail in Europe, international sleepers, and second-class hotels in the Soviet Union. Address *The Open Road, 8 West Fortieth Street, New York.*

Professor George M. Day, of Occidental College, will conduct the fourth Russian seminar, which spends twenty-eight days in the Soviet Union. He lived in Russia for ten years before and during the World War and has revisited it frequently since the revolution. Of two rates quoted, the lower is $635, third-class steamer and rail except in the Soviet Union, where rail travel will be second class; second-class hotels in the Soviet Union, and first-class in Europe. Address *Bureau of University Travel, Newton, Massachusetts.*

Albert K. Dawson, head of the Russian Travel Division of the American Express Company, will conduct a tour spending thirty days in the Soviet Union and visiting Soviet Armenia. A shorter itinerary of twenty-one days, omitting Armenia, is also planned. The groups will be combined most of the way. The rate for the longer tour is $885, with tourist-class passage and second class in the Soviet Union. The fifty-two-day trip is $792, with the same services. Address *American Express Company, 605 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Dr. Joshua Kunitz is the author of "Dawn over Samarkand" and "Russian Literature and the Jew." He has visited the Soviet Union several times, and has been living there for the past year. His group will spend thirty-two days in the country. The rate is $469, third class throughout except rail transportation in the Soviet Union, which will be second class. Address *The Open Road.*

In connection with the third International Conference on Social Work which meets in London in July, Frankwood E. Williams and Harry L. Lurie will conduct a travel seminar on social work of twenty days in the Soviet Union. Mr. Lurie is executive director of the Bureau of Jewish Social Research. Dr. Williams's writings on mental hygiene in the Soviet Union are well known. The rate of $421, third class throughout, includes no meals, except breakfast, for the two weeks in London. Rail transportation in the Soviet Union will be second class. Address *Edutravel, 535 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Dr. Mark Graubard, research geneticist at Columbia University, will lead a travel seminar of thirty-one days in the Soviet Union for the study of national minorities. Dr. Graubard has studied in the Soviet Union and his works have been translated into Russian. Of two rates quoted the lower is $495, third class throughout. Address *Compass Travel Bureau, 55 West Forty-second Street, New York.*

Those who want to "go Russian" can do so by joining Julien Bryan, the roving camera reporter. He will lead his fifth travel group through the Soviet Union on a thirty-four-day trek. Informality and digressions from the beaten path distinguish this trip. The rate is $575, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road.*

Union Tours announces a trip under the leadership of Philip Brown. It spends thirty-one days in the Soviet Union and costs $495, third class throughout. Address *Union Tours, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Henry Shapiro, a young American lawyer who has lived in Moscow for the past two years and who is the only American admitted to the Soviet bar, will conduct a group for the third time. The rate is $372, third class throughout, twenty-eight days in the U. S. S. R. Address *The Open Road.*

General Victor A. Yakhontoff, an officer under the Czar, a member of the Kerensky government, and now an authority on revolutionary Russia and China, will conduct an eighteen-day trip in the Soviet Union. The party will spend three weeks in European cities. The rate is $855, tourist-class passage, second class abroad. Address *Marsh Tours, 724 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

Princess Irina Skariatina is another pre-revolutionary Russian who has accepted the new regime, as attested by her

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books, "The First to Go Back" and "A World Can End." Her group will spend thirty-two days in the U. S. S. R. The rate is $798, tourist class on the ocean, and second class in the Soviet Union. Address *The Open Road.*

A tour for writers and those interested in writing will be conducted by Lester Cohen, novelist and screen writer. The plans include meetings and discussions with Soviet writers through the courtesy of the Union of Revolutionary Writers. The inclusive rate, third class throughout, is $399, twenty-six days in the Soviet Union. Address *Edutravel.*

The society of American Friends of the Soviet Union sponsors a twenty-three-day tour for its members, led by Dr. J. Covington Coleman, a Los Angeles pastor who is chairman of its Southern California branch. The rate is $369, third class except second-class rail in Soviet Russia. Address *Friends of the Soviet Union, 824 Broadway, New York.*

A tour viewing the Soviets in the light of the cooperative movement and the American labor movement will be led by Colston Warne of Amherst College. It will spend a month in the Soviet Union. The rate is $495, third class throughout except for second-class rail travel in the Soviet Union. Address *The Open Road.*

The New School for Social Research sponsors a European field course in penology which will spend two weeks in the Soviet Union. Joseph Fulling Fishman, well-known criminologist, will conduct the group, which is limited to persons interested in the field. The tour makes brief stops en route in England, Finland, Switzerland, and France. The rate is $652, tourist class on the ocean, second class in Europe and the Soviet Union. Address *Edutravel.*

The Soviet Union occupies twenty days of a far-flung itinerary under the leadership of Maxwell and Marguerite Stewart. The return is through the Balkans. The Stewarts have lived in the Soviet Union and are conducting their third group this summer. Maxwell Stewart is an associate editor of *The Nation.* The rate is $470, third class throughout. Address *The Open Road.*

Under the caption, Circle Tour of Europe, World Tourists announces a thirty-one-day trip in the Soviet Union. It will be under the direction of Mrs. Flora E. Roberts, teacher and social worker. The rate is $401.50, third class throughout. Address *World Tourists, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York.*

A tour for those interested in studying the new education in the Soviet Union is entitled Seminar on the Reconstruction of Human Nature. Dr. I. V. Sollins, formerly of New York University, and Mrs. Lila Pargment, of the University of Michigan, will conduct the group, which spends thirty-two days in Soviet Russia. The program will include informal meetings and discussions with Soviet educators. Of several rates quoted the lowest is $483, third class. Address *Edutravel.*

Dr. F. Tredwell Smith will conduct a study tour for the ninth time. The itinerary of thirty-one days in the Soviet Union includes Soviet Armenia. The rate is $595, third-class rail and steamer, first-class hotel accommodations in Europe and third-class in the U. S. S. R. There are sailings from both New York and Boston. Address *Bureau of University Travel.*

A group of physicians and dentists and a group of teachers will travel together in Palestine and the Soviet Union under the leadership of Dr. Edward Cohen, of the Travel Department of the Amalgamated Bank, and Dr. George M. Price. Although organized as two separate groups, they will go together for the convenience of professional men whose families wish to accompany them. While the doctors visit clinics and hospitals, the teachers and non-medical people will do less specialized sightseeing. The rate for the medical tour is $452, third class, with second-class rail in the Soviet Union. The rate for the teachers' tour is $432, same services. The itinerary allows ten days in Palestine and two weeks in the Soviet Union. Address *Amalgamated Bank, 11 Union Square, New York.*

A tour for "intellectuals and proletarians," which is described as a United Front group, will be led by Rose and Bob Brown, who formerly taught at Commonwealth College. The group spends thirty-one days in the Soviet Union. The rate is $398, third class throughout. Address *Compass Travel Bureau.*

Two groups have been announced for the Moscow Theater Festival in September. *The Drama League Travel Bureau, Essex House, New York,* has appointed Harold Ehrensperger, formerly its executive secretary, to conduct its party. The rate is $545, tourist class on the ocean, second class elsewhere, twelve days in Leningrad and Moscow.

Herbert Kline, editor of *New Theater Magazine,* will conduct a party of writers, actors, directors, and other theater workers. For particulars address *Herbert Kline, New Theater Magazine, 156 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.*

Vivienne France, an American Negro, has been living for the past two years in Moscow, where she is consultant and research fellow at the Laboratory of Anthropo-Physics. Miss France will lead a thirty-three-day tour in the Soviet Union with particular reference to minority cultures. The rate is $494, third class. Address *The Open Road.*

Professor Lucy Textor of Vassar, an established authority on Russia, will lead a Soviet Forum tour which spends twenty five days in the Soviet Union, returning via the Balkans. The rate is $445, third class, except for second-class rail in the U. S. S. R. Address *William M. Barber, Babson Park, Massachusetts.*

A twelve-day trip in the Soviet Union is offered to delegates at the World's Sunday School Convention in Oslo. Dr. R. H. Crossfield, of Birmingham, Alabama, will lead the group. The lower of two rates quoted is $635, tourist-class steamship passage, second class abroad. The rate does not include the period spent at the convention. Ten days of sightseeing in Europe follow the Russian trip. Address *World's Sunday School Association, 51 Madison Avenue, New York.*

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Letter to the Editors

COAL, CONVICTS, AND THE SUPREME COURT

Dear Sirs: The federal government has been blocked by the United States Supreme Court in many attempts to regulate industry. Specifically, of course, the question is whether the commerce clause of the Constitution can be construed broadly enough to uphold the attempted regulation. In the child-labor, the NRA, and the AAA cases, the Supreme Court has declared that manufacture and agriculture are matters primarily for state concern. And the court has now under advisement the Guffey Coal Act, which presents the same problem in somewhat more unusual form.

The issue in the coal case is perhaps unique in that, at the hearing in the lower court, there was a mass of testimony to the effect that federal action alone could prevent demoralization of the industry. Owners of mines gave this testimony; so did union organizers and members and various local officials. In support of it we have the unprecedented action whereby nearly all the states in which mining is an important industry filed briefs with the Supreme Court of the United States, asking that court to uphold the law.

Perhaps the court has shown a way by which federal regulation can be significantly expanded. Many states have enacted laws which make illegal the sale within their borders of convict-made goods. In aid of these laws Congress prohibited the interstate shipment of such goods into states the laws of which forbade their sale. In this respect Congress was following the old-established precedent in the liquor trade. The Supreme Court of the United States had upheld its right to enact such a law, mainly on the ground that the liquor trade had always been subject to regulation, owing to the inherently harmful nature of alcohol. In the child-labor case, however, the majority of the court had limited this doctrine to merchandise harmful to the user. Since the mere fact that goods were manufactured by child labor did not affect their usefulness as goods, the court declared Congress without power to regulate the interstate shipment of such goods.

However, in the convict-labor case, contentions of the State of Alabama, based largely on the child-labor case, were overruled by a unanimous court. Justice Sutherland pointed out that many states had enacted laws prohibiting the sale of goods made by convict labor on the ground that their sale in competition with that of goods manufactured by free labor was bound to affect employment. Here, for the first time, the court recognized the concept of economic harm, as distinguished from harm due to some character inherent in the goods themselves, as a ground for interference with interstate commerce.

Let us suppose that a number of states were to enact laws prohibiting the sale within their borders of goods made by child labor and that, in support of these laws, Congress were to prohibit the shipment into such states of goods thus manufactured. Under the convict-labor decision it would seem that such laws, both of the states and of Congress, would be upheld by the court. And it is interesting to speculate on the fate of laws proceeding along converse lines. Suppose the various states in which coal is an important industry were to prohibit the sale of coal, unless it was manufactured in accordance with certain principles of fair dealing between employer and employee and between competing producers, and suppose that Congress, in aid of these laws, were to prohibit the shipment of coal manufactured in violation of these laws, both out of and into such states. Would not such laws come also within the decision in the convict-labor case? That, in effect, would be the Guffey Coal Act, buttressed by state legislation instead of merely by state briefs. The lead would then have to be taken by the states, perhaps as the result of an interstate conference culminating in a compact to be approved by Congress, and supplemented by a federal law of the character outlined.

And if this could be successfully done for coal (hurdling, perhaps, the obstacle of the Fourteenth Amendment), it could be done for cotton, wheat, or any other product. For the convict-labor case is an entering wedge for the introduction of the doctrine of economic harm as distinguished from physical harm. To this extent the case marks a great advance in realistic thinking in the United States Supreme Court. It is to be hoped the decision will not in the future be whittled away by subtle distinctions.

OSMOND K. FRAENKEL

New York, April 15

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